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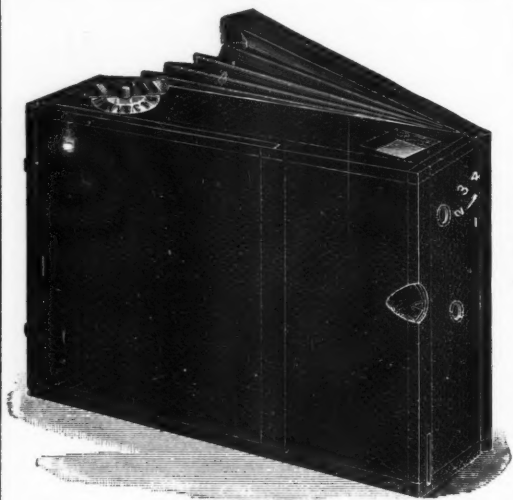
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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AUTUMN
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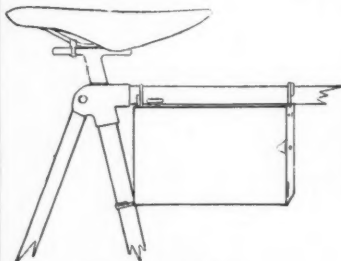
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Randolph Street To-day, Looking East from La Salle. Ashland Block, Schiller Building and Masonic Temple in the Distance. Hooley's Theatre on Left

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1896.

NO. 1

QUARTER CENTENNIAL OF THE CHICAGO FIRE

BY EDMUND SEBASTIAN HOCH



WHEN the 9th of this present month, October, rolls around, and the sun will have arisen and set on, and the world will have been confronted with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the cremation of Chicago. This occasion, the quarter centennial of the devastation by fire of the great city of the West, in many respects the most extraordinary and appalling catastrophe in the annals of humanity, will be fittingly noticed by Chicago people and municipality. The recollection of it as it will then be reviewed throughout the country will be the occasion of universal reflection and solemnity, serving, at the same time, in the nature of a great revelation to many. The world will then be confronted with many things that it has lost sight of or forgotten, and those new in it will be apprised of many things they did not know. At the same time will be revealed and realized a condition of progress and prosperity, of energy and activity and achievement unparalleled in the history of civilization, that must be the wonder and admiration of all civilizations to come.

As one looks about the great city of Chicago today, it is difficult to realize that any such disaster as that which so completely and cruelly levelled it ever befell it. As he walks down Dearborn street, or passes into State, with its broad and high magnificence, or strolls leisurely along the majesty of Michigan, or pushes into colossal La Salle, he can hardly bring himself to understand that there was a time, and a time, too, not very long ago,—a stone's throw, only, down the years,—when this great district, the colossal district that he is passing through,—that five more than a score of years ago it was a waste, a charred waste, a burned, blackened, whitened, ash-blown waste, that stretched out in the distance as far as one could see,—that the whole territory about was a devastated, rubbish-covered plain, a plain that the wind blew across and that the eye could travel over without obstruction. He can hardly realize this now, as he glides along, brushing with or escaping the crowd unmindful of modern missions, his eye wonderingly and admiringly set on the jagged, narrow sky-line in the distance. These high-walled thoroughfares seem to him not a fit place for the

flames to have gambolled upon, the great human devised cliffs that he passes, the polished corridors that he enters, the gilded elevators in which he glides so swiftly up, not a seeming theatre for the conflagration to have burst on upon—a conflagration that turned stone into gas and iron into vapor—a conflagration that swept up and down and around—from river to lake and from lake to river again—that swept and swept and swept, until it had swept

of its occurrence, to say nothing of the month or the day,—they was uncertain as to whether it was in '71 or '72 or '73—who say that there were two fires, one in '71 and one in '73. And this condition is true, also, of the world. There has sprung up a new generation all over the country and in other countries, who have no proper knowledge or appreciation of the awful proportion of this great fire.

And one reason for the defection of



View of Business District from South, Direct, Location of Onlooker about Harrison Street

everything in its path—until there was nothing more to sweep—until not a block or not a building in a block or not a vestige of a building remained unscathed—until the heavens were stained with the fire and the world was ringing with the cry of burned, burning Chicago.

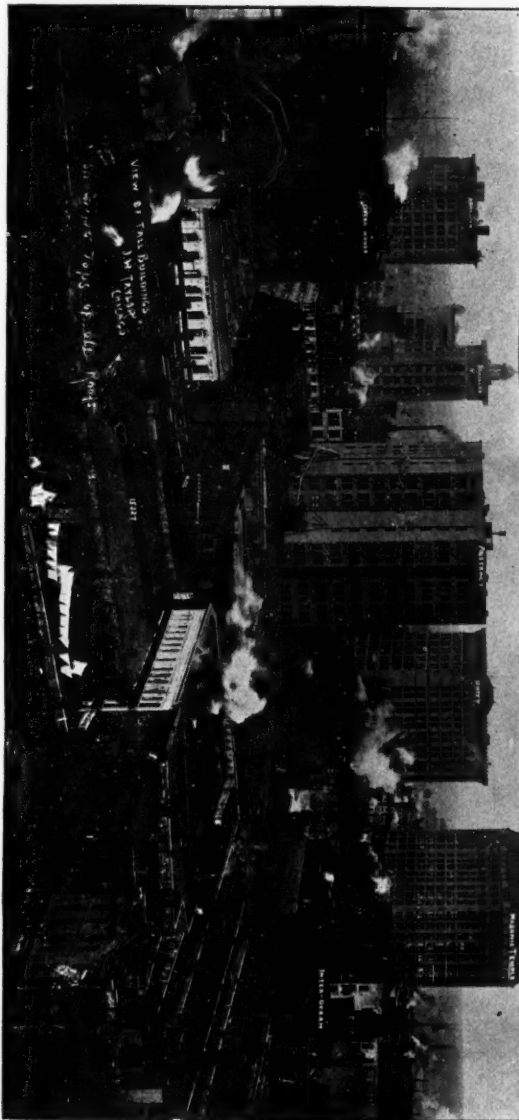
Many men I meet in Chicago, who have lived there for years, know nothing about the fire but that it had occurred. Many do not know the year

memory on the part of the populace in this connection is the astonishingly sudden and complete recovery of Chicago from the blow inflicted upon it by the fire. This has much to do with the belittling of its extent and seriousness in the minds of the people. They conclude that the disaster could not have been as great or else the resuscitation after it could not have been so speedy. The individual sees, or reads of, or hears of, Chicago's phenomenal achievements

Looking East Across Ruins Towards Lake



Looking Northeast, Showing Grand Pacific Hotel Ruins



General View of the Northern Portion of Burned District as it is To-day. Looking Northeast from "Skyscraper," Corner Adams and La Salle Streets. Showing Tops of Old Buildings

and progress and prosperity, and concludes that the much-talked-of conflagration could not have been so much, that, likely, all in reality it did was to conveniently burn away some rickety old frame buildings that Chicago wanted down to make room for the bigger ones they were hurrying to put up—that it was a sort of a boom signal, in fact—a calcium light effect to draw the attention of the world, a clever advertising move to get prestige and immigration, a bold and shrewd innovation in the art of town building.

an extraordinary thing as was reported at the time of the fire really occurred. Thus it may be seen that Chicago's sudden prosperity, following so quickly on her great calamity, is in a great degree responsible for the light way in which the world holds and so easily forgets the dire nature and extent of that awful



Ruins in Vicinity of Court House



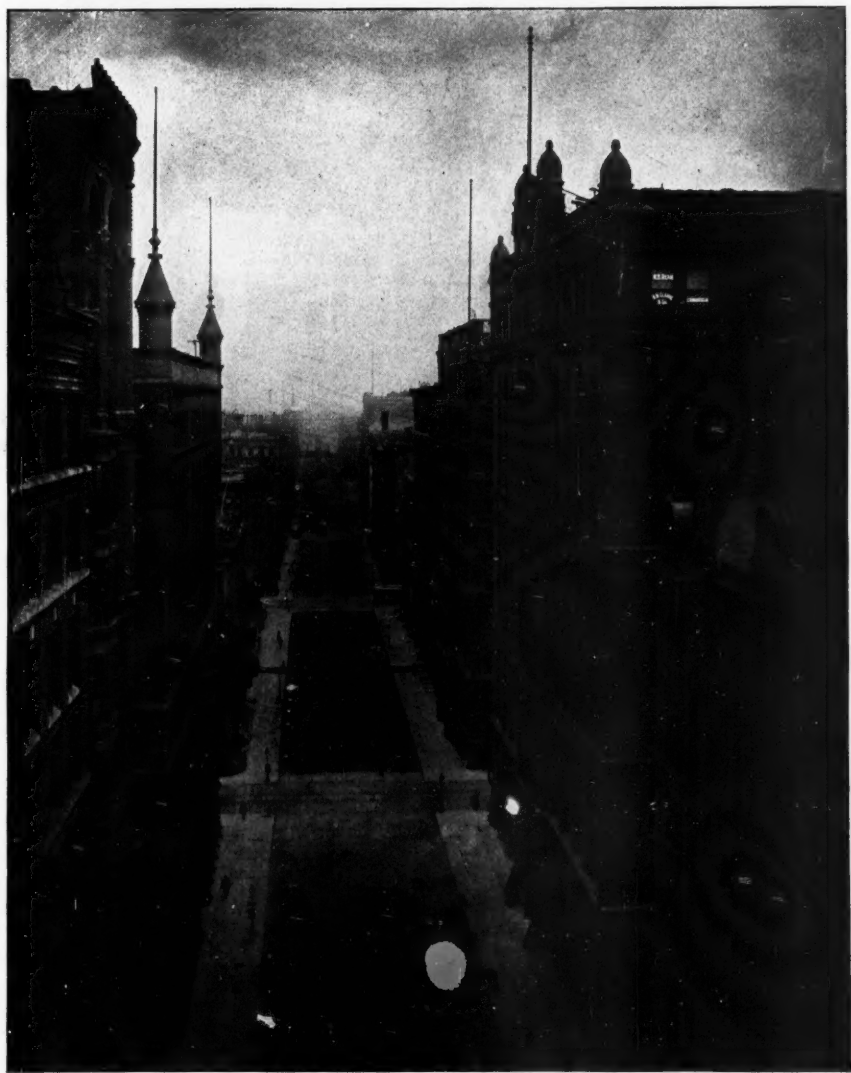
Court House
On Site where City Hall now
Stands

If Chicago had remained in ashes the world would have never forgotten her sorrow. The country would have put on mourning every year and sounded the dole bells. But as she chose to throw off the gray remnants of her incineration and step out of the urn and enter the skies again, and that in a night, while the world slept, those who slumbered are loth to believe that such

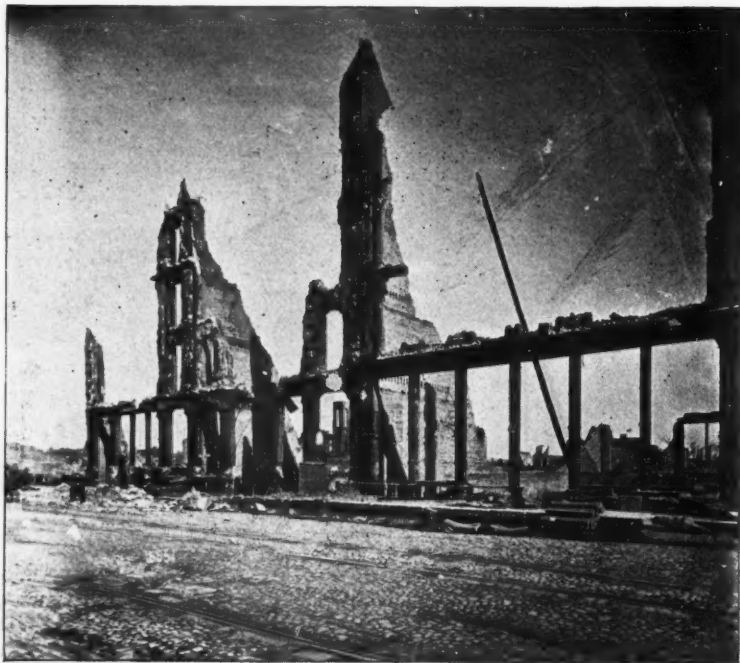
calamity. The recuperation from it has been too complete for an ordinary world to properly appreciate the facts of it and the facts of the fire too.

Another condition that tends to this general situation may be found in the peculiar relation of the date of the occurrence of the great fire to the present time and generation. As we stand now, at this distance from it, its period is rather peculiarly remote. It is of neither the past nor the present. To us who pride ourselves in the knowledge of history, the knowledge of this particular portion of it is of no moment. It is too recent and, therefore, too insignificant and vulgar. It is not far enough

calamity. The recuperation from it has been too complete for an ordinary world to properly appreciate the facts of it and the facts of the fire too.



The Money Centre of Chicago. La Salle Street, as it is To-day, Looking North from Board of Trade



Ruins on State, near Madison Street

back to be of any account to remember. And to those who watch for the current things it is a past record.

A hundred years from now, when it enough—at sighting distance, say—when enough—at sightly distance, say—when it is far enough away to have it considered an accomplishment to remember—knowledge of it reckoned a dignified possession—then we may expect to see the hustling millions pause for a moment and look back at the great fire and shudder and gape at it and wonder if we did not feel the heat of it, or dodge the flames or catch the sparks, we who sat so near.

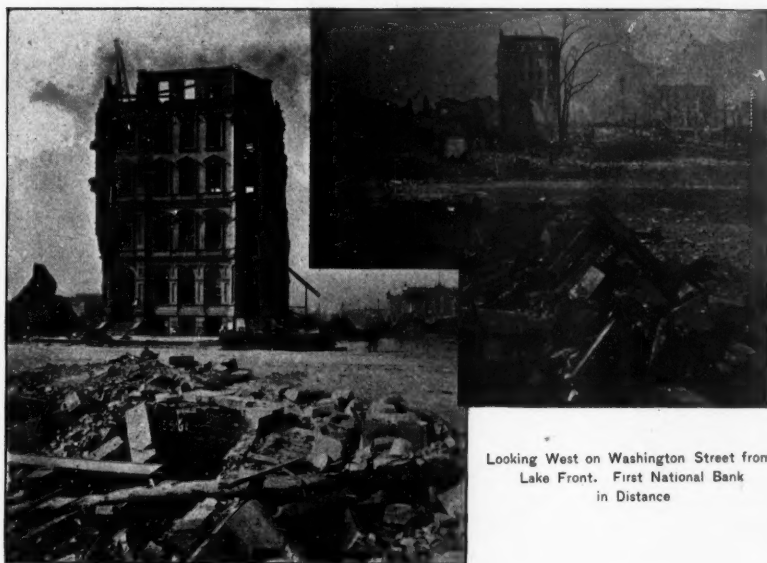
But we do not feel the heat of it, and, as far as looking back at it and shuddering is concerned, we scarcely ever think of it at all. To us cultured ones we have never seen anything like this—

never anything that gives in the least relation the iota of an impression of it—nothing that can make us conceive of it even. We have seen blocks burn, and have stood by amazed and shuddering while we watched the burning; or we have heard of leaping forest fires roaring over the earth, roaming and crackling and flashing and licking up little forest hamlets in their path; and we have stood by aghast at this—startled and shocked—yes, in all our callous modernity, startled and shocked—but from all these we have gathered no idea of what occurred at Chicago. What would we think if we were standing by and witnessing the roaring and raging of a fire that destroyed a hundred blocks, that destroyed thousands and thousands of houses in those blocks, that wiped out a whole city, almost, a

city that would make a thousand of these villages such as the forest fires have swept up and we have shuddered about? Can we conceive of it? No, not if we control our own imaginations we cannot; we cannot think to picture it nor to begin to.

And that is exactly what the Chicago fire did. Or rather, it did more than that. Instead of destroying a hundred

were business buildings, strong and high, the entire business district of the most thriving city of the West, and fourteen thousand were homes, stone-fronted mansions, substantial brick structures and picturesque frame dwellings. From two miles southwest of the city's centre to two miles north of it the cyclone of fire swept, carrying everything in its way, leaving scarcely



Looking West on Washington Street from
Lake Front. First National Bank
in Distance

First National Bank, Corner Washington and State Streets

blocks it destroyed a thousand! Instead of destroying thousands of houses it destroyed tens of thousands! "The Chicago conflagration," says a graphic chronicler of the time, "began at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, Oct. 7th, 1871. It ended its wild carousal at 9 o'clock on the Monday night following at a point four miles from where it augured." This fire absolutely obliterated three and one-third square miles of the very heart of a great city. Eighteen thousand buildings went down in the red wrack. Four thousand of these

a vestige of a house in its path. Four miles long and one mile broad was its sweep, and it left that stretch as black and as bare as if the earth itself had opened and swallowed it and then belched it forth again, black and crumbled and smouldering, a sight too horrible and ghastly to look upon. For something like 48 hours it raged, and it did not give up until one-third of Chicago was gone,—until it had eaten its way through the city, through the tracks of civilization, out into the woods and the open elements again.

View of Entire Business District from South. Fifth Avenue in Foreground. La Salle, Clark, Dearborn and State Streets on Right



State Street To-day, Looking North. Columbus Memorial Building in Right Foreground, Marshall Field's and Masonic Temple Beyond

Can you realize this, you callous moderns? Can you who live at a distance? You residents of Boston who gaze at it from your two thousand miles? Can you realize it? Can you realize what it means? Do these figures and these outlines signify anything to you? Do they mean anything to you? If they don't, take your city and begin at the end of the peninsular and burn it—burn the whole peninsular portion of it from water to water and from point to base—your broad and deep and crowded peninsula—burn it until you have burned every house and

and from river's edge to river's edge, burn it until it is black and jagged as the great black rocks that were there before it, until nothing that is there now is left of it, and see if you can know what was done at Chicago.

And you Philadelphian, take your whole district between the Delaware



Honore Block, Corner Dearborn and Adams Streets, Postoffice in Distance



Ruins in North Chicago Division, Dearborn Avenue, Opposite Washington Square

every habitation in it, until you have burned it down, until you have burned it level—burned it off the earth—and stand by and see it burning; or imagine this, and then see if you can know what these figures mean, if you can know what was done at Chicago.

And you, you New Yorker, you who are complacent of extraordinary things accomplished, burn your entire city from the Battery to Fourteenth street,

and the Schuylkill, and between Washington avenue and Girard, and give it up to air; let it be laid waste absolutely by the elements.

And you who live in Washington, burn half your city, including all the business centre, and behold the ruins. And you in St. Louis, burn all of your beautiful section between Chantre avenue and Franklin avenue and the Mississippi River and Grand avenue, burn it, and then as you contemplate the wreck see if you can realize what was done to Chicago by the Chicago fire, what the Chicago fire was, what it did, what it means.



Drake Block, Wabash Avenue, near Madison Street

And you young Chicagoan, or new Chicagoan, you who flit in and out of the great sky-topped buildings, and pass through the throbbing crowds and glance swiftly up and down the great thick walled thoroughfare through which you are hastening, pause a moment as you glance and remember that once there were no walls there, anywhere about, that all was smouldering, crumbled ruins, far as your eye can see; or if you be an inhabitant of one of those airy offices, of which there are so many, away, high up in a sky scraper, with the view of the great city stretching out at your feet, look out of the window at your side, down towards the looming towers of the Auditorium and the southeast, then to the southwest to where the scores of other sky

scrapers block your vision, then further up to the west, and then to the east again, and then north as far as your eye can reach, until it rests on the looming outlines of the great Ferris wheel, silhouetted in the distance, and the green, waving trees of Central Park and the round red walls of the Plaza; do this, and then picture all that district that you see in ruins, all that fair district to the northeast where stand the gray stone mansions and where winds the Lake shore drive, and that district straight north, where the green-rimmed avenues stretch out and away, lined on either side, thick, with homes, receding in rapid succession, and shining in splendor—picture it all in ruins, blackened, smoking ruins. Fancy the thousands of housetops you see but mere

piles of debris, the trees loaded with it and the streets filled full. Picture that to yourself as you gaze over the broad expanse before you, and then once more turn your eye down to where are your immediate surroundings, and there where you see the great sky-scrapers standing about, the magnificent eighteen and twenty-storied piles of which there

passed, the desolation that was scattered everywhere about. Do this and know that every inch of earth about for miles was scorched and charred and baked by fire, that every inch of atmosphere you breathe—that lies about—had once its counterpart there in flame, that the section in the midst of which you stand was the heart of the greatest con-



Southern Extremity of Fire in Business Section, Wabash Avenue and Harrison Street

are so many, strike them down and plant ruin in their places, and where you see the flat roofs of the ten-story buildings below, do likewise with them—and then, look down at the street at the bottom and make all flat and level with that, with heaps of debris here and cracking walls there, and smoking ruins everywhere to vary the monotony. Do this, and then realize, if you can, the horror that swept over Chicago, the holocaust through which your city

flagration that ever swept over a civilized world.

HISTORY OF THE FIRE.

The signal for the great conflagration, we find, was given on a Saturday night at about ten o'clock, October 7, 1871. This was the announcement of the first fire, which burned for four hours and consumed four blocks. This blaze of itself was enough to draw out the entire population of Chicago, and fill all with fear and anxiety. It originated

in a planing mill in the neighborhood of Clinton and Van Buren streets, and destroyed the entire territory comprised between Van Buren and Adams streets and Jefferson street and the south branch of the Chicago River, four blocks in a section of the city, in the west division, about a mile southwest of the Court House. Some idea of the nature and threatening extent of the first fire may be had from the following account, which is taken from the Chicago Tribune of Sunday, October 8th, 1871:

THE FIRE FIEND.
A TERRIBLY DESTRUCTIVE
CONFLAGRATION LAST
NIGHT.

TWENTY ACRES OF BUILDINGS
IN WEST DIVISION IN RUINS.

LUMBER, WOOD AND COAL
YARDS, PLANING MILLS,
STORES AND DWELLINGS
BURNED.

THE ADAMS STREET VIADUCT
DESTROYED—NARROW ES-
CAPE OF THE BRIDGE.

THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS WIT-
NESS THE GRAND BUT AW-
FUL ILLUMINATION.

THE LOSS SUPPOSED TO BE IN
THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF
\$1,000,000.

SCENES, INCIDENTALS AND AC-
CIDENTS OCCASIONED BY
THE FIRE.

THE SOUNDING OF THE FIRE
ALARM

From Box No. 248, at about 11 o'clock last night, was the solemn prelude to one of the most disastrous and imposing conflagrations which has ever visited a city which has already enrolled in her annals numbers of such visitations, many of them so terrible that they can serve as eras in her history. For days past alarm has followed alarm but the comparatively trifling losses have familiarized us to the pealing of the Court House bell and we had forgotten that the absence of rain for three weeks had left everything in so dry and inflammable a condition that a spark might start a fire which would sweep from end to end of the city." * *

On Sunday, October 8, the people of Chicago read their newspapers with their accounts of the fire, and, later, visited the ruins. On Sunday night, as they were about going to bed, they were aroused by another alarm. The Court House bell rang again. This time the signal came from further down the city, further south, but still in the west division, and from a point just about the same degree west as the origin of the fire on Saturday night. A stable was burning in the neighborhood of Jefferson and Dekoven streets. Dekoven street is eight blocks south of Van Buren, and Jefferson and Van Buren were the western and southern boundaries of the first fire. The alarm came in at 11 o'clock. At 12 o'clock it was still coming in. At two in the morning it was coming in yet, and ringing out in a steady peal of the fretful Court House bell. The city began to be alive. People came hurrying from all directions, and were hastening to the fire. But they did not need to. This was the one case in history where the mountain came to Mahomet. This fire they were running to was the one that later came to them, that came to them so swiftly, indeed, that in a few hours they were running from it—yes, running in fearful speed and frenzy—for this was the fire that burned Chicago.

EXTENT OF DESTRUCTION.

The newspaper reports, of course, taken so quickly and fretfully off the hot scene, were in many respects but inaccurate and altogether incomplete accounts of the fire. It remained for time and weeks of investigation to show the real extent of the destruction. From a number of reports compiled after all the details had been learned, I find the following cause of and territory of the fire: Beginning in the stable at Jefferson and Dekoven streets, the flames advanced north along Jefferson to Van Buren street, east on Van Buren to Canal; then north on Canal to Adams; also east on Dekoven to Clinton; north

Ruins in Dearborn Street



Dearborn Street as it is To-day, Looking South from Monroe Street. This is the most Colossal Walled Street in the World. There are more "Skyscrapers" along it than in all the rest of the Country

on Clinton to Taylor, east on Taylor, across the river to Sherman, north on Sherman to Harrison; east on Harrison to Wabash avenue; north on Wabash avenue to Congress street, and then east to the lake. This describes its southern boundaries, and the western boundaries in the southern portion of the west division. The distance between Jefferson street and the lake is about a mile. At Adams street the fire crossed the river, coming east, leaving the western division, and after that kept east of the south branch of the river entirely, making that its western border, and then, crossing the main channel which runs east and west, kept east and along the border of the north branch until it reached Division, where it left the river and pursued its way almost directly north to Fullerton avenue, which, as far as I can find, was its real northern limit. On the east it followed the lake straight along until it reached Wisconsin street, then the lower boundary of Lincoln Park, passing near the two cemeteries, then along the lake between North avenue and the Park. At Wisconsin street the fire left the lake, turning west to Clark and proceeding north on Clark to Fullerton, where it met the western boundary, at a point exactly three miles north of the Court House. These are the boundaries of the fire that the maps of it show, and almost everything comprised within these lines was burned.

The following account from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of Oct. 8th, 1872, cites the details of the destruction accurately:

The total area burned over was 2,124 acres or about three and one-third square miles, the total length of streets stripped of houses about seventy miles, the total number of buildings destroyed 17,450, or thirty per cent. of the whole number comprised within the city limits. Of the 14,000 houses of the North Division not 600 were standing on Tuesday morning, thirty hours after the conflagration commenced. Monday night found 100,000 people homeless who had been well housed the day

before; and the most of the 100,000 were destitute of all means of living; hundreds of men who had counted their wealth by tens of thousands being then unable to raise money enough to procure cartage for the few worldly effects which they had snatched from the flames.

The aggregate loss by this great disaster was about \$192,000,000, exclusive of salvage. This included however only the actual property destroyed and did not take into account what could not, of course, be accurately estimated; the loss of business occasioned by the interruption of the Fall trade, the destruction of all stocks of goods, the temporary shock to credit, and the privation as to quarters for storing and selling to which all business was subjected. The protraction of business and the disorganization of society was for a brief time complete; and nothing perhaps contributed to this more than the lack of a natural rallying place for the authorities of the city, political or commercial. The day succeeding the fire was a very blank one, even with those citizens who found themselves with a roof — *Inter Ocean*, October 8, 1872.

What Chicago has done since that affliction I will only ask you to look at the illustrations accompanying, and then to judge for yourselves. If the view along Randolph street, which you see, does not inform you, or that up State, or those of Dearborn and La Salle, or that general view of the northeast corner of the business district, then it would be unnecessary for the types to try. The chronicler would only like to state that if you yourself happen not to be well enough travelled to realize it, as you are looking at these views you are beholding the reflection of the most impressive prospect in the civilized world. You have never seen the duplicate and it is safe to say you never will. The central business district of Chicago today has its counterpart nowhere on earth.

When Chicago was burned she contained about 350,000 people. The fire reduced this number to 300,000. Today the census reports 1,800,000 souls, and the city authorities present to the world a map of a city thirty miles long by twelve miles wide. And in this article you have been told that this is only the twenty-fifth anniversary of her new birth.

THE ANTE-MORTEM CONDITION OF GEORGE RAMOR

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

HE had desk and table room in the offices of a real estate company on one of the down-town streets. The rent was so small that he could pay it with sufficient promptness and regularity, ingratiating with the collector who called monthly. No one had heard of any of his plans being accepted, nor could any one point to a building that had grown from the original efforts of his pen, compass and candle-stick. And yet he managed to pay his rent, his board bill, and to dress uncommonly well. The true source of his income had long been a mystery to the men about town, the men who knew him best. It is true he made great numbers of drawings, devising whole cities in four, five, six—yes, even ten-story buildings. These cities were erected on the corner of his table; they formed quite a respectable pile of paper.

No one had come to him and said: "This plan suits me; wrap it up and send it to my office. I guess we'll build from it." No; he did not sell his plans. He was always underbid or too late.

He simply made buildings on paper and their only growth was in the castles of air that arose just outside his window sash, the only builders being the thoughts which formed themselves in the smoke of the cigar he held between his teeth while he gazed at—nothing. When the cigar was thrown away and his head was turned from the window the structure dissolved, crumbled away with the ashes of the fragrant weed he had smoked in the process of building. Nothing was outside the window when he looked again except the site for another structure. But he built many such edifices.

Men commented upon his condition;

they wondered how he lived. He seemed to prosper and they knew not how prosperity came to him. The world is ever wondering. Whatever may have caused wonder and comment, one feature remained unquestioned, he was prosperous in the possession of unqualified cheerfulness; no matter how far beyond his reach may have been the plans he drew, his imagination was loyal to them until they had been transformed into castles beyond the window-sill and wafted away on the curls of blue that floated noiselessly from his cigar, his chief clerk and advisor. It may be said that he measured perseverance by inches, not by the clock.

When evening came he would lock his desk, lay away his plans and his instruments, shrug himself as if tired, and go to his lodgings with all the feelings of a man greatly in need of repose. To the people on the street he was wont to speak of his fatigue; in his room his unconscious perseverance remained true and faithful, and it was easy for him to throw himself upon his couch and sleep, fully convinced that he had nearly overworked himself during the day. Was it strange, then, that he arose from his nap an hour or so later, greatly refreshed in every respect, particularly in ideas? If he overslept himself he did not complain, did not punish himself by working later or harder on the next day's castles; he only took a shorter nap the next evening.

George Ramor was undeniably peculiar. He was a source of wonder to his acquaintances; he was the best subject for gossip in all his set. As sets, no matter how exclusive they may be, are capable of branching out into other sets, in a way, indistinct, but surely, Mr. Ra-

mor was finally the talk of the town. Everybody liked him, for he was a genial hail-fellow-well-met sort of person, a gentleman by birth and in training. He had no relatives in the city, nor anywhere else, so far as known to his friends, but genealogy had nothing to do with his means of sustenance. That was why some people wondered, of course. Gentlemanliness and genealogy are scarcely qualified to support where other means are lacking, however.

No one accused him of gambling, but no one understood how he lived as he did. A stranger would have mistaken him easily for the wealthiest man in town.

Finally some fellow started the report that he owed every merchant in the city. Thus were a great many of his luxuries accounted for.

One evening several members of the club to which he belonged sat in the cafe discussing Mr. George Ramor. Charlie DeBobb insisted on making the following observation:

"Well, he wears better clothes than I do, and I know I have fifty dollars where he has one. Murphy tells me he pays his tailor bill, too, so he can't get all his clothes on tick. He pays Jones, too. I'll bet he's around here tonight with more money in his pocket than all of us together."

"He hasn't drawn a plan in six months that has brought him a dollar," observed old man Growler. "He told me last week he had a plan on hand, though, that was sure to bring him a thousand dollars, cold cash. I loaned him fifty dollars till next week."

"He owes me a little, too," said Jim Collins.

"How much?"

"A hundred. He's had it four months, too, and he only wanted it for one. I hate to speak to him about it."

"I wouldn't say a word. It'll be all right. He owes me a hundred, but I'm not a bit worried. I let him have it the morning after he smashed up one of

Gregories' buggies in a runaway," said Dr. Anderson.

"He's never paid Gunter Gregories, for Gunter told me so," put in Harry Brown.

"That's strange. I'm sure that's what he got it for."

"What are you talking about?" asked Sam Shatter, coming up.

"Ramor. Does he owe you anything?" asked Brown, laughingly.

"What of it? Is his financial condition up before the club again? I thought it had been disposed of last night. He does owe me something; I have his note."

"The devil! You, too? I thought you never lent money."

"I don't unless I'm protected. James Fenton is on the note with him. It's for a thousand, one year, at six per cent."

"Well, I'll be d—! How is that, Jim?" uttered Growler, turning to Fenton, who had been a quiet member of the group.

"Why, it's straight, of course. He's good. He assured me he had a scheme worth \$2500 just ready to go off—some big building he's figuring on, I believe. He owes me a hundred aside from the note."

"Christian Columbus!" ejaculated Brown, jamming his hands deep down in his pockets; "he owes every mother's son of us."

The men looked at each other in a bewildered sort of way, half comprehensively, half apprehensively. Then old Growler said:

"No wonder he has money."

One by one they strolled away, each filled with certain misgiving sensations. In three days it was all over the city that George Ramor owed \$20,000, borrowed money, and that every friend he possessed had suffered. As strange as it may appear, he did not try to avoid his creditors. Instead, he seemed overjoyed to meet them, and for no one did he have a heartier smile, a warmer grip

of the hand, than for the man he owed. Whether it was policy that prompted this gentle consideration for his creditors, or whether it was real freedom of heart, no one ever knew. He borrowed money from one man to pay his tailor bill and borrowed from another to pay the man who had lent him the money to pay the bill.

It may appear strange also that he could be overcome by any feeling tenderer than that of self-esteem. But he was in love. For years he had loved a young woman of excellent family, of excellent attainments, and apparently of excellent judgment. It was not the weak, vacillating love that one might expect in such a nature as his, but deep, powerful, painful. Painful because he felt its hopelessness.

When he met Helen Gray at a ball in a neighboring city he immediately fell in love with her. Of course, he fell deeply. That was his nature. He forgot the position he held, or rather the position he did not hold in the world, and gave himself up to the mercy of Cupid. New castles were created in the air, but they were all for the occupancy of one person—a woman. There was no doubt about Ramor's love for Helen Gray; it was strong and masterful. By nature she was the weaker, and she loved him.

One night he asked her to marry him.

For over two weeks he had not seen her. He had been drawing the plans for a large brewery and had not found time to visit the city which she called home. The brewery never grew nearer to erection than the foundation obtained from the conversational quarry of a loud-voiced promoter of manufacturing schemes. George Ramor worked honestly, faithfully over the plans for this gigantic enterprise and never received so much as a glance at the products which might have come from the institution had it been built. The promoters of the scheme to make beer for the millions did not get beyond

the manufacture of that mysterious substance which makes the beverage sizzle and pop a cork against the ceiling—the gas. They had sufficient gas, but nothing to sizzle.

When he had completed these plans he hastened to the faraway home of the Grays, his architectural mind swimming with visions of a monstrous concern, his waking and sleeping—all dreaming—hours haunted by a great check signed by beermakers.

The woman he loved was a woman to be loved by men, a sweet, tender, adorable being, beautiful enough to rule with queens about her, kings beneath her. She was not a vain woman of the world, nor was she a fickle plaything in the games of love, but one who had touched the hearts of many men without losing faith in her own. No woman lives but who applauds herself for victories won in battles of the heart, whether the warfare be waged willingly, or whether the conquest comes unsought. Womanly pride comes first; then comes womanly pity. Helen Gray knew the pride which thrills the victor, but she respected the pain which cuts the victim. Pity was that which best adorned her and made men proud to have been refused by her. In describing her the writer tells best of her by saying to men: *She is like the woman you most admire; to women: She is more to be admired than you.*

Therefore it is no wonder that she won the impulsive heart of George Ramor. It was a long while before he could make up his mind to ask her to be his wife. There were so many obstacles in the way and he was not so blindly infatuated that he could not see them. To him they looked insurmountable. Every married man remembers how he laid awake at night and pondered over the responsibilities he would have to shoulder if he really meant to take unto himself a wife. Ramor had more to consider than most men, it seemed; he not only had the responsibilities of a future to look forward to

but he had those of the past to look backward upon. He saw a great gloom ahead and a great gloom behind. At his side, between the two, he saw the brightness shed by his relationship with Helen Gray. This brightness extended forward instead of backward, it must be admitted. Naturally he went forward regardless of consequences. That is why he asked her to marry him.

They were in the parlor and she was brewing some tea for him. It was her custom. Ramor had in his vest pocket a five-dollar gold piece and a railroad ticket home. It was all he had in the world, and yet he asked the girl to marry him. He had said something about his great brewery scheme and she had inquired into the project rather particularly for her. Heretofore she had not openly interested herself in his affairs. She had looked upon him as a shrewd, successful man, and the great projects he had unfolded to her in the past were but ordinary proofs of his capacity. She thought she knew him.

His heart gave a sudden, inexplicable throb when he realized that she was taking unwonted interest in the future of the big beer factory. Before he clearly knew what he had done he had asked her to marry him, and it required a good, long time for him to fully grasp the importance of her answer. She said:

"Yes."

He held her in his arms passionately, hungrily, kissing her as devoutly as he would have spoken had he been addressing the saint who held his salvation in his hands.

"Do you mean it—truly?" he asked, tremblingly. He asked the question because he feared he might have been mistaken, forgetting there could be no mistake in the positive presence of that adored form, locked so closely to his, unresistingly.

"Of course, I do, George. I love you, and why should I not marry the man I love? Is it strange? Are you glad? Tell me!"

"Glad!" he exclaimed, and that was all. The manner in which he said it was enough.

The brewery was forgotten, utterly neglected; his debts were swept away with his creditors; the one great glory he had been building for years was completed. Before the stately edifice of joy and happiness all things worldly were unseen. For the time being he dwelt in his glory, a millionaire.

Then she told him to speak to her father, and a chill grew upon him. How could he ask that loving father for the joy of his home? How could he tell him what manner of home he would provide for her? This father of hers was a business man, a man of the world, worldly. It is no wonder that he became weak and allowed a coldness, like unto death, to creep over him. Then his magnificent resources pushed through his fears and his confidence returned.

Ramor did not go to see Helen's father until the next day. Mortimer Gray sat in his office at the store, a formidable personage to be approached by such a man as George Ramor, particularly on such a mission. It was not long, however, until the architect had built the foundation to a conversation that ran something like this:

"You will pardon me, of course, Mr. Ramor, but as a father who loves his child I should neglect nothing which might add to her happiness and prevent that which might detract from it. I have heard you spoken of as a man of means, as a man of energy, but I should like to have you tell me, yourself, just how you are situated. I trust that you will understand that it is loyalty to my daughter which compels me to satisfy myself in this matter. I should never forgive myself if I allowed her to make a mistake."

Ramor's heart was fainting within him, but his face was as calm, as smooth, as smiling as ever. He knew he would have to lie. And he lied.

"Sir, the reports concerning my posi-

tion in the world may have been exaggerated—as such things usually are. The statements of friends, men who think they befriend by enlarging upon the case, often create disorder and bring up misunderstandings. I shall simply say to you—asking you to believe me—that I will make her happy always, that I will provide for her a home as rich as that from which she is taken. I can do that much, sir, and God knows I shall give her happiness so long as I shall live. Do not understand me to say that I am a rich man—you know better than that—but I am a—er—ahem!—well, I have not labored these years to attain nothing. I speak to you as one honest man speaks to another.” He looked so noble, so proud, so strong that Mortimer Gray extended his hand quickly, grasping the half-trembling fingers of the liar, saying:

“You need tell me no more. I have believed what others have said of you, and I believe it more than ever now. It has been my hope that my girl might marry such a man as you, and I give her into your keeping as cheerfully as can a man who is to lose his child. Be good to her and you will repay me.”

Ramor’s heart was light as he went out from the presence of that unsuspecting father. He knew he had promised what he could not fulfil, but what mattered that to him? He could try to redeem his promise; that was all that any man could do. There was not a pang of remorse, of fear in the thought that he had committed himself before his God and all mankind; there was joy in his soul as he hurried to the side of the one who knew so well how the interview would end. Perhaps his mind was affected. No other solution is in the writer’s mind, for one, but then the writer may be wrong. There is no telling.

As he sat in the chair car that night, on his way home, his happiness faded before the onslaught of truth. He saw his position plainly, but he would not

have changed it for the fortune of Croesus. So, it may be seen, his conscience was impregnable; it was as he had made it, not as he would have had it.

Men like George Ramor, visionary beings, have no consciences. They have intellects, it is true, but these intellects are beneficial to them only in the artfulness with which it is necessary to hide the prospects of self-annihilation, so sure to find realization in the day of reckoning.

Ramor was a coward, a craven coward; of this he was satisfied in his own mind. He was made apparently brave by selfishness. As he calmly considered the graveness of the step he had taken his heart sank, for he knew he could not but fail; the end was plain to him; she would eventually despise him.

Yet he was delighted with his own blindness, his oblivion, glorying in his one great possession—Imagination. He even looked ahead and saw the failure of everything; he saw the end and the crushing of his happiness; he saw her sorrow in the vision, but it was surmounted by his happiness. He had won her and he was the dominant character in the vision. One thing he did not see: the sin of it all. Thus he soliloquized in the rumbling chair car.

“I have loved her and I have won her. She shall make me happy and I shall make her happy. It can’t be for long, but, oh God! what bliss while it lasts. Ecstasy! Ecstasy! One year will be an eternity of pleasure; one year will be a million to me. Each day I’ll live a thousand years of ecstasy, so what odds if there is an end to come? Let it come. I’ve built a feeble future, but it shall be massive while it stands. It would be hell without her, heaven with her. After heaven, hell; I cannot escape my hell—it is mine anyhow. Heaven and hell! I’ll make heaven so long and sweet that hell will not be hell when it comes to me.” And thus he rambled.

The man was almost insane with anticipation. His future was his present, his past—well, he knew no past. Poor George Ramor. There are many men like you, but they do not see themselves as you saw yourself. (Let this be an epitaph.)

He slept well that night, for he was satisfied, he was pleased. No past to dream about, no future to form a nightmare; he existed in the present.

But when the morning came it brought the sense of realization stronger than ever, the hopelessness, the degradation and the shame. As he sat on the edge of his bed he made a vow—a solemn vow.

The reader is never to know that vow, but must conjecture with the rest of his acquaintances. He kept it a secret, himself, and the writer of this narrative is not supposed to know all of George Ramor's secrets.

About one month later several members of his club sat around the card tables. Old Growler was dealing. Harry Brown was talking.

"Has anyone seen Ramor today?" he asked.

"He was in my office," answered Charlie DeBobb, assorting his cards.

"By the way, have you heard that report that he is to be married soon?" asked Sam Shatter.

"What!" exclaimed several. A few glances were exchanged.

"Fact! To Miss Gray, I hear. Her father has said so, I heard today from one who ought to know, and there was a squib in a Chicago paper about the engagement. Why, he can't afford it. He owes everybody in town; how the devil can he think of such a thing?" indignantly explained Shatter. "He borrowed a round thousand of old Bently last week, giving his note for two years. Bently thinks he's all right, too."

Then the conversation was devoted wholly to George Ramor; he was discussed so thoroughly that it was found he had borrowed an additional \$5000,

perhaps more, but no less, and was still borrowing. A bank cashier said he had deposited nearly that much money recently. Why was he piling up such seemingly useless and enormous obligations?

Old Growler voiced the sentiment of the crowd when he jerked out the following:

"He has borrowed that money to get married on. The damned scoundrel!"

A handsome residence took shape on one of the fashionable streets. Ramor had designed it, carpenters had built it and the designer had paid them cash for their work. Every cent deposited in the bank was required to do this, for artisans must be paid. He had purchased the lot on the instalment plan and had no deed for the ground. One year was given him in which to pay for the lot. At the end of that period he was to have paid \$1000 and the deed was to be transferred.

His friends stood afar off and observed all these proceedings with open eyes, closed mouths, inactive hands and suffering purses. They saw his tower of Babel go up and they prophesied the fall.

Helen Gray, blissfully unconscious of the true state of affairs, happy in her choice of a husband, glorying in the future he had promised, looked upon him as an Aladdin. In her dreams she saw him with the wonderful lamp, leading her on to happiness and wealth. This unsuspecting bride of wretchedness assisted her undoer in the selection of the furnishings intended for the beautiful home. None but the richest was considered, none but the most expensive purchased; the furniture, the tapestry, the plate was the wonder of the people.

Not one dollar had he paid for all this elegance; the merchants had given him time! He had taken—eternity!

The wedding! Glorious, grand, gorgeous!

Helen Gray's father gave her a wed-

ding that would have graced a princess. Brilliant, magnificent even to the slightest detail, the wedding of George Ramor and Helen Althea Gray was the talk of two cities for many months. A bride arrayed in costly gown, beautiful beyond comparison; a groom attired in a garb reeking with impenetrable heartlessness; both happy.

And so they were married!

Everybody wondered again when the couple sailed for Europe on an extended bridal tour; the whole city, knowing everything, asked how he could afford it. The audacity of his extravagance bewildered them.

Once in awhile word came from them. Now they were in New York, then in Paris, next in Lucerne, then at Rome, and nobody knows where else. He never told anyone how he managed to pay all his bills in foreign lands, how he could afford to travel in state and enjoy the best of all things, how he succeeded in mingling with the nabobs in courts of high degree. To the bride and groom there was no mystery about it at all, no wonder fed their souls; it was happiness undefiled by thoughts of trouble, unimpeded by the weights of care.

The groom had devised a plan by which he found it easy to raise sufficient money to carry on a successful honeymoon. (This is permissible although inelegant, because he had made it a matter of business from the start.) He paid up all that was due on his lot, borrowing the money from a friend in Chicago, accepted the deed, and then mortgaged the whole for \$9000. This he considered a very clever piece of financiering. And it was—from an unusual point of view. Surely he was a stranger to trouble.

She loved him, he made her happy, and together they sipped such sweets as never before had lovers drawn from the eternal bloom of love. Together they saw the old world, enjoyed its glories, its grandeurs and its madness. Then they sailed for home.

The beautiful home on the beautiful street was ready for the beautiful bride one bright, long looked for day. The master of the house led its mistress through the open doors, past the deferential servants, and said to her:

"Helen, my darling, it is yours, all yours! There is nothing I would not have done for you in the love I bear so willingly. One condition is imposed upon you: you are never to forget that the giver loves you better than he loves himself, his God or his salvation." She kissed him as they stood at the foot of the grand staircase, her furs falling from her shoulders when she threw her arms rapturously about his neck.

"Forget that? If you were to kill me, George, I should not forget that you loved me if I lived but one second after you struck the blow." Her words, to him, sounded prophetic, and he could not prevent the sudden shiver. Once in a great while he had to think. All builders do.

Their castle had its queen, but it had no king. A certain slave hid himself behind the throne; that slave was married to the queen. Courtiers came, flocked to the home of the slave, the castle of the queen; they saw the slave and mistook him for the king. With one hand the slave had built the throne; with the other the king had torn it down. One frail seat was left for the queen, insecure, treacherous, but painfully majestic. The kingdom would crash with the crash of that throne. The slave knew it; the king knew it, but forgot it.

Weeks sped by and the Ramors were held aloft, almost exalted. Their entertainments, their dinners, their movements were things of unbounded interest to the world at large, to society in particular. No shadow of the unkind end had crossed the border line of the bride's domain, but it was creeping slowly towards the bounds. It was an ugly shadow, too. Sometimes George Ramor paused to look at it and wonder how he could walk away from it, avoid

it. It was a strange shadow, for every one could see it save one—the queen.

One afternoon several ladies sat in the reception hall, conversing with Mrs. Ramor. They were callers, those kindly individuals we know so well while they are with us, but with whom we are so thoroughly unacquainted when they are with some one else. Mrs. Ramor was as beautiful and as happy as any woman they had ever seen; they pitied her, good women. As they sat and chatted—or, to be more correct, gossiped—the door bell rang, and the servant informed the mistress of the house that she was wanted at the door. A few moments later a man's voice was heard addressing the queen:

"I have been to Mr. Ramor a dozen times and he puts me off always. I'll try him once more and then—well, there's a way to make people pay."

Mrs. Ramor came into the reception hall and resumed her seat. She was pale, bewildered. Her ready tongue had lost its cunning, she was not the same woman she had been before the door bell clanged. Her callers soon left and went out into the world to spread the news that the sheriff had been at Ramor's establishment, determined to sell the place for bad debts. And so it is that the world learns the truth about us.

Helen told George that evening about the visitor and asked him what it meant. He laughed and told her not to pay any attention to such talk; he did not. It was all about an account he owed, one that he did not intend to pay, because the creditor had swindled him. She believed her husband, for she was a dutiful wife. Amen!

But day after day there came collectors and collectors, and she was sorely troubled. She often found herself wondering how great, how general the swindle must have been. Poor George! Her husband smiled carelessly when she carried information to him and merely said:

"You must get used to that, now that you are a wife. Send them to me, dear; I'll pay 'em."

One day a particularly pressing creditor spoke to her rather angrily, and she went upstairs to her room; there to weep bitterly. Somehow everything was turning black; darkness seemed to grow out of the light; all was not what it had once been. It was the Shadow!

These same creditors went to George Ramor. He told them he would see them again, gave all manner of excuses and lived as a happy man should. He intended to pay one debt, and that was all; the others were not worth his consideration. His bravery, his composure at all times was startling.

One night he went home to her with his eye dreadfully black and swollen. He told her a book had fallen from a shelf, striking him in the face. It was with the greatest difficulty, however, that he kept the newspapers from publishing an account of the assault made upon him by Henry Loomis, the junior member of a large furniture house. The newspapers were not heartless enough to hurt the wife. The gossips—her best friends—gave the story sufficient circulation, however, and it eventually reached her ears.

Finally her friends, the women, succeeded in sending home the thrust so long expected and avoided. Her benumbed brain began to grasp the meaning of various hitherto mysterious remarks.

And so she found the trap open, ready to close upon her. No one had warned her; her feet were in its jaws before she fairly knew of their presence, and she could do naught but struggle in silence, in pain; she dared not scream. Poor girl, her eyes grew dull, her cheeks lost their color, shrunk back against their bones. A heart that throbs the wildest in joy, beats oh, so faintly in despair!

The Architect of Love is not a builder. He may draw the plans with

sufficient regard for detail, but they must be carried out by the Builder of Life. Love is not always Life.

At last the crowning blow came and the throne was shattered, the kingdom destroyed. There was no escape from the hand of the law.

A plain, small notice, tacked on the official billboard stationed at the east door of the court house, proclaimed a sheriff's sale. There need be no further comment save that the sale was to cover everything owned by George F. Ramor. The husband and wife were served with the official notice. She bore it as only a broken-hearted woman can—unconsciously.

The city reveled in wonder. Yet what meant that joyous smile on Ramor's face? What meant those buoyant spirits? A sheriff's sale and happiness hand and hand? Impossible!

Through it all the husband smiled; his happiness never wavered. Each night he went home to his wife and clasped her in his arms, thanking God he had her. He loved her and she could not help loving him. Blindness is not always an excuse for love; more frequently it is wilfulness.

The morning for the sale came at last and he told her at the breakfast table that they were to board at a prominent private hotel. She cried and then smiled through the tears because he kissed her and seemed so happy. He laughed, joked and indulged in many pleasant pranks of humor. The dethroned queen was lifted from the sloughs of despondency by the mirth of the slave.

Suddenly she cried out:

"Oh, George! This is our anniversary—our first!"

Her leaden eyes sparkled again, sparkled with recollection.

"Do you think I have forgotten it, dearest? No, no! One year ago I be-

gan my life; eternity cannot efface the memory of that day, let it supplant life when it will. Have you been happy?"

"I have loved you," she answered, simply. The one servant they kept saw him arise, go to her side and kiss her forehead. And the servant told afterward how the little scene forced the tears to her eyes.

After breakfast he went to his room upstairs, whistling and humming, alternately, a merry tune. She sat at the table in the dining-room, her head upon her hand, a faraway look in her eyes. Visions of a brilliant church were before her; the sheriff was forgotten.

In his room her husband took from an inside pocket a small envelope and placed it on the dressing table. Thus he soliloquized:

"One year! It is all my life. There is but one step between life and eternity and it is time for me to take it. The year is over, the life is done. Oh, God! But I have been a happy man!" That was all.

His face was feverish, his hands were trembling and his eyes were growing restless. Picking up his wife's picture he kissed the features tenderly. Devotion shone in the eyes of the slave.

His forefinger was slowly inserted in his vest pocket and a small, white package was withdrawn. Without a tremor, without a twinge he opened the package, turned the contents out upon his tongue, and swallowed them. Then he walked quickly to the bed and threw himself upon it.

"My Darling: I have sinned terribly against you. To you I owe my life; the debt is paid. One year with you pays for all my eternity, be what it may. I cannot ask your forgiveness; I do not hope for God's. Through all eternity I shall love you, my joy of earth.

"GEORGE."

A LOST ADDRESS

BY FRANK H. SWEET

"Well, that is too bad!"

She was sitting on the floor of one of the rooms of a Fifth avenue hotel, anxiously examining the contents of a small travelling valise, which were presently scattered in a semi-circle before her. That the search was unsuccessful was apparent from the gathering frown on her face. At last she thrust the various articles back into the valise and walked impatiently to a window.

Several minutes of silent consternation, then the frown vanished in a clear, ringing laugh.

"Sure, this is one on you, Miss Flighty Head," she cried, merrily. "Wouldn't Reggie reign triumphant if he knew. But he shall not find out. No, indeed!" with a grimace. "He would never let me hear the last of it if he did. But what *shall* I do? Three thousand miles from home, with only five pounds in my purse, and not the remotest idea in what part of this hurryscurry New York Reggie is to be found. Well, *nil desperandum*, as papa says. A Fitzgerald never gets to his wits' ends. But what a ninny to lose that address."

She remained for a long time gazing abstractedly at the telescoping tides of humanity in the street below, then a sudden flash came into her eyes.

"Why, of course," she said, as though she had come to the one natural conclusion, "I will earn my living until I can get the address from papa. He will be up at Ballyshannon with his guns and dogs before this, and it will take at least six weeks to hear from him. I have often read letters to the servants from their people in America, and they always go to an intelligence office. I will go to one myself."

The hotel clerk was experienced in his profession, and prided himself on an intuitive recognition of breeding. He had been rather impressed by the young lady when she put her name on the register, an hour before, and he now bowed very low as she approached.

Did he know of an intelligence office? Certainly, several of them. And he wrote the addresses for her with ceremonious courtesy, and even told her at which place she would be likely to find the best servants.

When she thanked him and turned away, he reversed the register and stared meditatively at her signature.

"Esther Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ireland."

"Name just suits her," he muttered. "Some of the old nobility, most likely," then he twirled the book so that a portly man with half a dozen daughters could sign a list of family names.

On this very day it happened that Mrs. Van Maurice, of Advanced Thought fame, was unexpectedly deprived of her housekeeper. She was in the midst of a round of engagements and social duties, and as she prided herself on the unobtrusive machinery of her household, this defection filled her with momentary consternation. But she was a woman of resource, and a quick mental calculation convinced her that she could spare a brief half hour from her calls. This she utilized in a visit to an intelligence office.

A young lady was talking with the clerk when she entered. Several women were sitting or standing about the room in various attitudes of hope or despondency. Mrs. Van Maurice gave them one comprehensive glance, and then turned to the clerk and waited for him

to be at leisure. It was not an ordinary servant she wanted now, but one who was competent to take charge of her complicated household,—in short, a peculiar combination of servant and lady, in which the servant should not assume, nor the lady be too sensitive to her position.

She was a liberal patron of the office, and presently the clerk excused himself to the young lady and came forward.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Van Maurice?" he asked.

She told him briefly.

"Why, really! I am not sure but this person will suit you. She has been speaking about just such a place."

"Ah!" Mrs. Van Maurice looked surprised. She had supposed the young lady was on an errand similar to her own. Now she looked at her more closely. It was an unassuming, neatly-clad figure she saw; but the simple travelling dress was of extremely rich material,—some soft, quaintly woven fabric that was far out of date, and already beginning to be sought after by connoisseurs. And Mrs. Van Maurice had a wondering conviction that the intaglio at the throat would be a rare addition to even a virtuoso's collection of gems.

But the girl was undeniably prepossessing, and she had the very air that was the delight of Mrs. Van Maurice's fastidious soul. She was young, of course, but her eyes were so clear and self-possessed, and so utterly unconscious of their own attractions, and—well, Mrs. Van Maurice did much of her business on impulse.

After they had entered the carriage, the exponent of Advanced Thought suddenly turned to her companion with the air of one who was conscious of having omitted something.

"I believe I forgot to ask your name, my dear?" Mrs. Maurice had a habit of addressing her friends and servants indiscriminately as "my dear." It was just as easy to say that as something less agreeable, she explained.

"It is Geraldine—Esther Geraldine."

"Ah! a very pretty name. And you said that you had had experience in managing a large establishment—looking after servants and table decorations and kitchen purchases, and—and all that? May I ask where you were last?"

The girl hesitated a little, then looked at her companion frankly.

"At home. I have been my father's housekeeper nearly four years. Recently I—I had occasion to come to America."

"Ah!" Mrs. Van Maurice possessed an extensive vocabulary in her "ah's," and the modulation of this one intimated that her questioning was at an end. And, indeed, she believed that she understood the whole situation—good family—death—involved estate—supposed heiress seeking employment. That was all; and it was so simple she immediately dismissed the matter from her mind and began to point out the places of interest along their route.

The Van Maurice mansion was generally an object of awe and curiosity to new servants, but Miss Esther—as she came to be called—took it as a matter of course. She was keenly interested in everything around her, and was exceedingly fond of artistic effects. Before the end of the second day she had all the details of the menage at her command, and Mrs. Van Maurice was already congratulating herself on her acquisition; the only drawback to her satisfaction being that said acquisition refused to engage herself for more than two months.

But while the new housekeeper was showing such marvellous aptitude for her situation, there were some few details which it seemed impossible for her to grasp. For instance, when she came in from the street she invariably ran lightly up the broad, marble steps, and only recollected herself as she reached out toward the knocker. Then she would make a wry grimace and slip back to the little gate which led around to the servants' entrance. Again, she

found it impossible to go past the doors of the drawing-room and library and music-room without an almost irresistible impulse to enter. Sometimes she found herself seated in an easy chair in the library, examining some of the rare editions; or luxuriously ensconced in the drawing-room, gazing dreamily at the story-telling coals in the grate. Occasionally Mrs. Van Maurice—and even the master of the house himself—was drawn into the music-room by some weird improvisation, or rollicking Irish melody; only to be confronted by the embarrassed, apologetic housekeeper.

Of course she knew it was contrary to the rules of the establishment. It needed not the sudden gathering of wrinkles between the eyebrows of Mrs. Van Maurice, nor the look of surprise on the master's face, to tell her that. The drawing-room and the library and the music-room belonged to the servants only as part of their work, and by slow and painful degrees Miss Esther tried to teach herself this important fact.

One morning she was in the music-room arranging some folios on a table when she heard quick, approaching footsteps. Thinking it was Mr. Van Maurice, she went on quietly with her work.

"I beg your pardon. I didn't know Aunt Lisa had company," said an eager, almost boyish voice. "A servant told me she was up here."

"Mrs. Van Maurice just went into the library," and Miss Esther turned toward him quietly. It was a very handsome, athletic young man she saw; and as their eyes met, a puzzled expression of dawning recognition appeared on each face.

"Thank you. But—excuse me—haven't I seen you somewhere?"

"Why, on board the *Aurora*, of course!" cried Miss Esther suddenly, as she stepped forward with outstretched hands. "You are the man who sprang overboard in a gale to rescue a poor

emigrant's child, and who nearly lost his life in the attempt. It was the bravest thing I ever saw, and I have often wished I could thank you. The woman belonged to my own town."

"Oh, come, come; you make too much of my share in the matter," he expostulated. But nevertheless he took the outstretched hands and felt a strange thrill as he gazed into the upturned, glowing face. He had never imagined there were such eyes in all the world, he told himself, wonderingly; and he almost felt as though he were thrust back into a forsaken atmosphere when she released her hands from his grasp. Then he essayed to possess himself of them again.

"Really, now, you must shake hands with me from my side of the question," he insisted, earnestly. "You are the young lady who played the piano so wonderfully on the steamer, and to whom all the passengers wanted to be introduced. I went to everybody I knew, but not one of them could claim the honor of your acquaintance. I used to watch you from every point of vantage I could find, and to contrast my lonely existence with the felicity of those you talked with."

"Why, that was *too* bad," commiseratingly.

"Indeed it was. If you had been in my position you would rise above sarcasm. But the past has redeemed itself now. Suppose you play something while I am waiting for Aunt Lisa."

But as he stepped forward to open the piano she recollected herself, and the bantering expression left her face.

"I am very sorry," she said quietly, "but I forgot myself for the moment. I am only the housekeeper here."

"No, really?" But she recognized with a pleasure which surprised her that there was more of incredulity than consternation in his voice.

"Yes—but here comes your aunt now. Good morning."

The next day the young man called

on his Aunt Lisa again, and again in the evening. And the next day and the next and the next, and after that two or three times each week. Aunt Lisa was pleased with his devotion, and gave him small errands to execute, and allowed him to turn her music when she played; and chess-loving Uncle Van Maurice grew more and more urbane, and actually told him after an especially dull evening that he really played a fair game.

The young man went through it all heroically, and never even by a change of expression indicated that he was bored. And for reward he saw Miss Esther several times in the distance, and once actually spoke to her as he passed through the hall.

"Why don't you bring your friend with you occasionally, Harold?" asked Aunt Lisa, one morning. "He must be a remarkable young man. Your mother was telling me about him the other day."

"He is a remarkable young man," answered Harold, warmly. "Just now he is absorbed in a new invention, and can hardly be dragged away from it. But perhaps I can bring him out tomorrow."

The next evening they were all gathered in Mrs. Van Maurice's cosy music-room, when the hostess suddenly turned to her guest.

"Would you mind telling us something about yourself, Mr. Fitzgerald?" she asked. "Something about your meeting with Harold, I mean. It must have been very romantic."

The young man looked embarrassed.

"It was nothing," he demurred. "I just pulled him out of a hole."

"Hole!" echoed Harold, indignantly. "Do you call a crevasse like that a hole? and is my life nothing? Look here, Fitz; if you can't tell a better story than that, just keep still. I will do the yawning myself. Hole, indeed!"

He settled himself comfortably in his chair, and then looked across at his friend.

"You don't mind my giving the whole yarn, do you, Fitz?" he asked. "Aunt Lisa is getting interested in you, and will not be satisfied with less than the whole story. Well, then, here goes."

"In the first place, and as a sort of preface, I wish to say that I am an honorary member of Fitz's family. He has told me so much about himself and his people, that his brothers have become my brothers, and his sisters my sisters. I have never seen any of them, but am going across some day and put in my claim. His father is a gentleman of large estate, and colossal mortgage, and numerous children. Cornac, the oldest, was given a fine education, and two years on the continent; and then he joined the Royal Engineers, where he is now a shining light. Reginald Cuan Fitzgerald, the second son—our friend here—with a low bow—"early displayed signs of mechanical genius. He received the customary education and tour, which was somewhat curtailed by an unfortunate stringency of the family purse. It was on this tour that he pulled my unworthy self from a hole, and thereby endangered his neck and broke an arm. Naturally we vowed eternal friendship and continued the trip together. When it was finished, I induced him to cross the Atlantic with me. My father was an extensive manufacturer, and it seemed to me that this was a golden opportunity for the encouragement of fallow genius. Time proved I was right. Reginald Cuan Fitzgerald among machinery was as dry gunpowder in a burning building. Before we could collect our dazzled senses he had flashed across the horizon of inexperience into a position as superintendent of the works."

He paused a moment to sip the tea which Mrs. Van Maurice handed him, and then went on:

"The third scion of the family is Miss Essie, a musical genius who was obliged to assume charge of the household on account of her mother's inva-

lidism. Stress of finances and this duty have hitherto kept her genius somewhat in abeyance, but now," waving his hand toward Reginal, "this young Croesus comes forward with his savings of four years, and beseeches her to cross the big pond and avail herself of all the musical advantages offered by our proud city. There is a family consultation, in which it is decided that Elizabeth Tara Fitzgerald, the fourth aspirant, is competent to assume the family dictatorship, and that suppressed genius, in the shape of Miss Essie, shall find its natural expansion in America—and—er—I believe that brings us down to contemporaneous history?" glancing at his friend.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Reginal, with a wry face. "When I have occasion for a biography I shall certainly apply to you." Then his face grew serious. "It seems strange that I have not heard from home. Essie wrote that she was all ready to start, and at least five or six steamers have been in since then. But at this season father usually goes up to Ballyshannon for a few weeks' hunting, and perhaps she concluded to wait until his return."

"It is all right, undoubtedly," said Harold. "From what you have told me of her, she is like the traditional pussy—or more happily, like her illustrious brother—when she strikes America she will be on her feet."

During the conversation Mrs. Van Maurice had occasionally regarded her guest with a puzzled, inquiring expression. She had never seen him before, but somehow his features seemed familiar; and that peculiar way he had of throwing back his head—why, she had seen it dozens of times.

Suddenly a mirthful gleam of recognition swept the shadows from her face, and she rose quickly. With her a thought was to act.

"I suppose you and your sister resemble each other, Mr. Fitzgerald?" she asked.

"People used to say so, I believe; but

Essie appropriated all the beauty and grace which rightfully ought to have been divided between us."

"Those attributes naturally go to the sisters," said Mrs. Van Maurice, smiling. "But would you mind going down stairs with me a moment. I have something to show you."

As they left the room, Mr. Van Maurice rose with the remark that he would go into the library after the chessmen. Hardly had he disappeared when Harold heard a slight rustle at the hall door.

"Is Mrs. Van Maurice here?"

"Esther!" Harold's face was in a glow as he stepped eagerly toward her. "No, don't go," as she drew back. "I must speak to you, dear. I have been coming here for weeks, and have only just been able to catch glimpses of you as you flitted through some distant door. I cannot endure it any longer. Uncle Van Maurice and the others will be back in a moment, and I want this settled before they return. Darling, will you be my wife?"

Her own face was in a glow now. Evidently she had not anticipated this precipitous denouement.

"Why—I"—then she burst into a merry peal of laughter. "What absurdity! We do not even know each other's names."

He looked blank, but only for a moment. Something even in her raillery gave him courage.

"What of it?" he asked, boldly. "Names don't signify. We know each other. And, besides, the names can be easily remedied. I am Harold Allyn Ferrers, at your service."

"What?" the glow faded from her face, and then came back in a quick flood of eager questioning. "Not my brother's friend?"

It was his turn to look surprised.

"Your brother? I—don't—understand."

"Reginal Fitzgerald. He is my brother."

"O-h!"

There were sudden footsteps, then:

"Here you are, Esther. We have been looking for you everywhere. I wish to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Fitzgerald."

An hour later, Reginal and his sister were standing in the hall, waiting for the carriage that was to take them home.

"It has come out all right, Essie," he said, a little soberly, "so perhaps it will be as well to say no more about it. But

why did you not look in a city directory?"

Her hands went up with a quick gesture of dismay.

"Reggie, I never once thought of it."

Harold remained half an hour longer. When he left, his aunt followed him to the door.

"By the way, Harold," she said, as she reached up to brush a stray fleck of dust from his coat, "you must allow me to congratulate you."



SCHMIDT'S INSPIRATION

By E. C. WILSON

"NEIN, I am not de man to be one Cherman lecturer to de Amerwican public! I gif my best. Dey listen fer wespectfully. But I vill not sent for a hand-organ and a monkey to make de Amerwican public eenterwested in my beautiful mudder tongue! Nein, I vill not any more gif some Cherman lectures in Amerwica. I vill do some udder ting!"

Professor Schmidt's fine form was elongated over chairs and footstool in graceful abandon, as he puffed his cigarette before his comfortable open fire. He shook his shaggy head irritably. Schmidt was not exactly a candidate for the German professorship at Buck University, but these three lectures . . . well, he knew well enough they were samples, and they had told him that, if he "captured his audiences," his career was well begun; and this first lecture had been a flat failure; hence the gloom, the scowls, the discontent.

A soft tap at the door. A lady? To see *him* at that late hour? No, it must be a mistake. But he goes down.

Why such confusion of countenance? Such fluttering of the heart? Surely this handsome young professor should be accustomed to visions of beauty! But it was all so sudden and unexpected, you see. And the speaking eye, the pure white brow. . . . But I will not describe her; you have a hundred times read descriptions of her.

Schmidt came fully to his usual cool senses in the midst of the music of the pathetic, pleading, apologetic voice:

"If I were only a man, now!" the gentle voice was saying, "I do not like

to steal in and steal out just because I am not a man, and cannot go to Buck University. I may hear your lectures, may I not? I will come in and go out very softly and not disturb you a bit."

The large, dark eyes spoke even more eloquently than the pleading voice as the girl added:

"O, Professor Schmidt! I could *almost* understand it. I believe I could *quite* understand it in a few lectures more!"

In a moment she was gone. Was it the glow of the fire that illumined the features of the young professor when he smoked once more before it?

"She haf to steal my poor lectures! It is an outraid! She *almost* understand! She shall understand quite altogether!"

It was the evening after the second lecture. Schmidt was again enjoying his after-speech smoke before his fire. His face wore a smile of content.

"I see nodding but dat face. Dat young 'ooman! Who shall she be? I should gif her ten dollars before she should leaf my lectures! her face so much inspired me it should make my fortune! No, ten dollars would too much cost. I should just eematchin her dere; dat would be enough."

Even at that same moment, in another part of the city, the superintendent was penning his second report to the authorities.

"I was mistaken in your young German. He will be a big success. His gestures, his tones, his expression are all veritable translations."

O, yes, he married her.



Nuggets of Gold

GOLD AND GOLD MINING

By W. D. VAN BLASCOM, JR.

THE statement that Montana is one of the greatest precious mineral producing States in the Union may seem an exaggeration to those who are not conversant with the matter. That so comparatively little is known of this State must be attributed solely to the fact that it has never experienced any notoriety in the shape of booms similar to those that have made California and Colorado household names in the "gold fevers" of the past. While the discovery of its mines dates back to a time near the close of the civil war, more than a quarter of a century ago, yet the development of these prospects has been very gradual, owing to the generally wild condition of the country, its inaccessibility, the lack of capital, and the

overshadowing importance of California and Colorado.

In times past the white men on their pioneer prospecting tours for the standard metal in the regions now adjacent to the famous Yellowstone Park found there a zealous guardian of the land in the shape of the Indian. So effectively did the red man assert his claims that for many years he kept at bay all adventurous intruders. His defence, however, was not lasting, and by the late fifties he had so far succumbed with grace as to enable prospectors to encroach with impunity upon his domains.

The story of the first "find" in Montana goes far towards illustrating, if true, the purely accidental and fortuitous manner in which the most important discoveries are often made. It is said that the mines which built the city of

Helena were discovered by a party of four prospectors who were on their way to a well-known camp in an adjoining county. Learning that the diggings in that quarter had failed, they turned aside to prospect in another direction, and for some time wandered about, digging holes here and there, but finding nothing that they considered worth

The men then immediately settled down and located claims. In a short time news of their success spread abroad. Hundreds of other miners flocked to the spot and a mining camp of unprecedented richness was established. The city of Helena grew up on the spot, and it is said that one of the banks of that city is situated on a portion of the

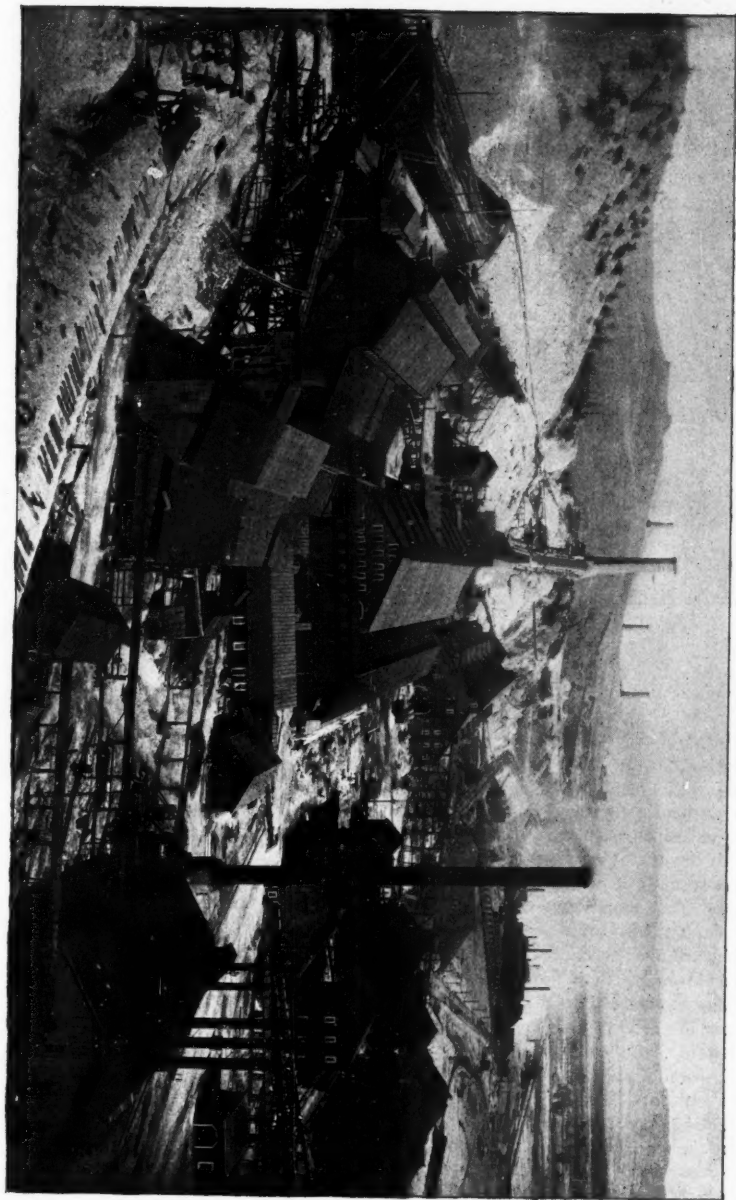


Interior of a Gold Mill

working. About noon of the 15th day of July, 1864, they arrived on the site of the city of Helena, halted for dinner and to rest their horses. Dinner over, their horses were saddled, when one of their number walked down to the stream to get a drink before leaving. From mere force of habit he began mechanically scratching the gravel with his hands, when to his astonishment he drew out a nugget as big as a gold dollar. A hundred dollars' worth of gold was taken out in about twenty minutes.

first claim located by the lucky quartette.

The same steady increase that has characterized the output of gold since those days, has characterized also the mining of other metals. This is more especially true of copper. One of the first discoveries was this metal, and although the original prospect hole was abandoned (for years), yet it was subsequently reclaimed and is today one of the largest copper mines in the world. It is called the Anaconda, and is lo-



Upper Works and Refinery of the Anaconda Gold Mines



Shaft-house of the Great Anaconda Gold Mine

cated near Butte, Montana. A few years ago the "Engineer and Mining Journal," of New York, scouted the idea that Montana would ever equal Michigan in the production of copper, but the authentic figures for 1895 show a balance of 65,000,000 pounds in Montana's favor. The lead taken by this State recently in the production of ores is due to the money invested, while lack of capital has been the cause of its backwardness heretofore.

In Montana there are many small mining camps of less than 2000 people, whose mines have produced more silver and gold than the famous Cripple Creek of Colorado, and are weekly adding to their record.

Mining for precious metals is the same the world over, and is divided into two separate and distinct classes: namely, placer and quartz mining. Each of

these classes is sub-divided and will be spoken of separately. Placer mining consists of separating the fine pieces of gold found in large quantities in deposits of a peculiar kind of sand in certain parts of the country. As a rule these placer deposits are near the surface, but there are instances where it has been necessary to go down underground many feet until "bed rock" is reached. The mines of the California gold craze in 1847 were of the placer character.

These rich deposits of sand are mined in three ways; by panning, which is the simplest, by rocker, and hydraulically. In each method water is indispensable. There are many rich placer fields that are worthless because there is not sufficient water in close proximity to make it profitable to work them. Placer mining is less expensive than quartz, in that it does not require half

the number of men, machinery, etc., to mine it, and the returns are much quicker. It is the original manner of securing it in this country. The *modus operandi* derives its name from the chief instrument used, a pan. The outfit of a placer miner consists of a pick, shovel and pan. After filling his pan with the sand containing the gold, he carries it to a stream or pool of water and washes

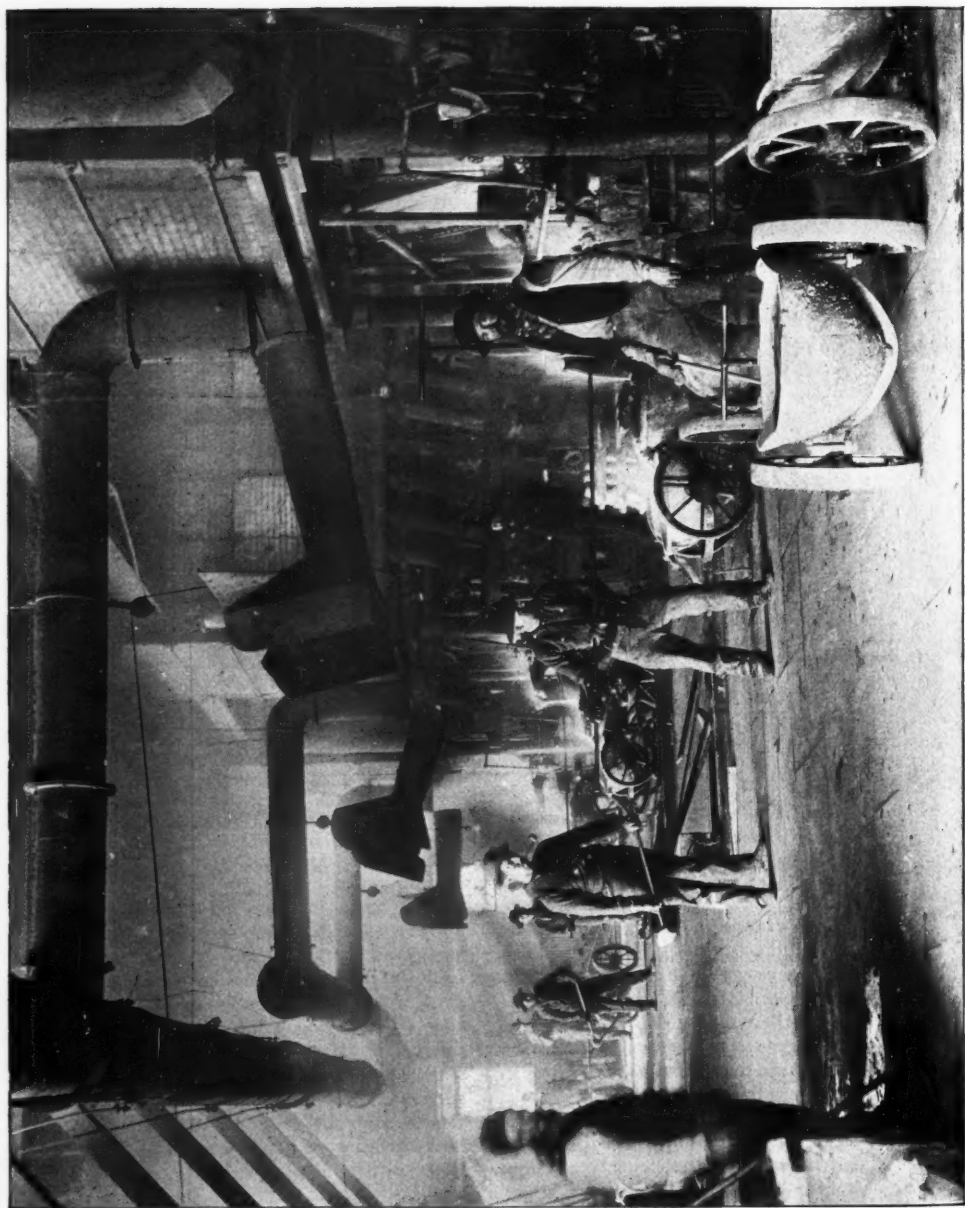
to become very quick and skilful in showing the "colors," as the fine pieces of gold, which sink to the bottom of the pan, are called by the miners. Rocking gold is another method of placer mining, and it is much quicker than panning. It, too, derives its name from the character of the chief instrument used. It is a wooden, box-like arrangement mounted on rockers; in-



Bird's-eye View of Wicks, Mont., Showing Smelter

it by submerging the pan in the water, twisting and turning it with quick, dexterous movements, tilting it at an angle and lifting it in and out of the water, until he has finally washed away all of the larger stones and dirt, leaving a fine black sand in the bottom of the pan, which contains the gold. Then by this same process the black sand is washed away, leaving nothing but the bright, sparkling little particles of gold. As gold is heavier than the sand it always sinks to the bottom of the pan, so it is quite easy after a little experimenting

side are compartments in which are sieves and blankets,—these blankets are made of small squares of brussels carpet. The top of the rocker is open; a couple of inches below is a coarse sieve, slanting several inches. Into this sieve the miner shovels the gravel containing the gold he is after. The rocker stands beside a stream of water, and as he rocks with one hand he pours in the water with a dipper with the other, washing off the dirt from the larger rocks and stones, which falls below, and is caught by one of the blankets that



Interior of the East Helena Smelter



Burning of the Katie Mine at Basin, Mont.

are stretched across under the sieve at different angles. The rockers have several of these blankets between the top and bottom of the box. The bottom of the rocker is on a slight incline, with cleats of wood nailed across the bottom running from side to side. Over these cleats or "riffles" the water and sand go. The gold does not, as it is so heavy it is either caught by the blankets or detained by the riffles in the bottom of the rocker. After washing down one sieve full of earth the sieve is lifted out and the rocks thrown aside, when a fresh sieve full is shovelled in. And so it goes on all through the day, until night comes, when the miner "cleans up." After seeing that every particle of sand is washed off his blankets, he takes a small shovel and shovels the black sand which has accumulated in the bottom of the rocker, held there by the riffles, into a pan, which he washes out, as previously

described. In this sand are any and all particles of gold which may have escaped the blankets. It is impossible for any to escape the riffles. The blankets are carefully dried, turned wrong-side up on a piece of paper, beaten softly, and the gold loosens from the carpet and falls upon the paper, when it is collected. By the use of a rocker one man can do as much as ten men with a pan.

In hydraulic mining great streams of water are used, and vast flumes containing many hundreds of riffles. By this method of placer mining great hills and banks are washed in a few weeks. The flumes are wooden troughs of different sizes, hundreds of feet long, and across the bottom of which are placed the riffles, which are made in sections and so arranged that they can be lifted out in strips of ten or fifteen feet each. As the water, dirt and sand rush through



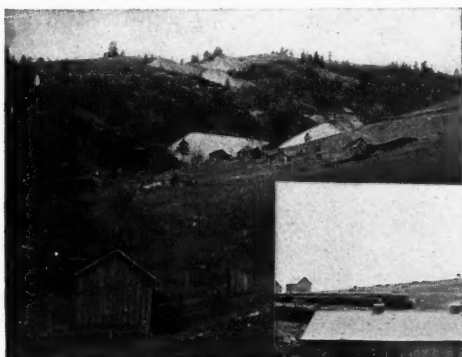
The Jay Gould Mill, Near Marysville

these flumes the gold falls to the bottom and is kept there by the riffles, while the refuse is carried on and dumped where the flume ends. The "clearing up" of these flumes takes place but twice or three times in a year, when the proceeds obtained are enormous.

Quartz mining differs greatly from placer mining. The ore is taken from many feet below the surface, when it has to be crushed and smelted in order

enough ore daily to supply one. The cost of erecting a smelter is enormous, consequently one smelter does for many mines. The Anaconda mines, near Butte, have their own smelter, but that is one of the largest mines in the world. In Butte, which is the largest mining camp known, there are several smelters. In Great Falls there are two and in East Helena one; these answer for all the smaller mines in the vicinity.

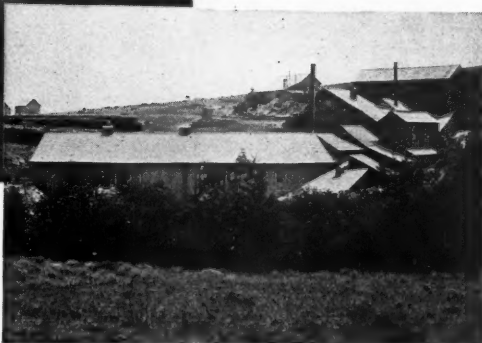
When the ore comes to the Anaconda smelter it is in the form of grayish rock. The Montana Union road handles the ore and hauls about 3000 tons daily. The works are approached



Alta Gold Mine,
Near Wilks, Montana

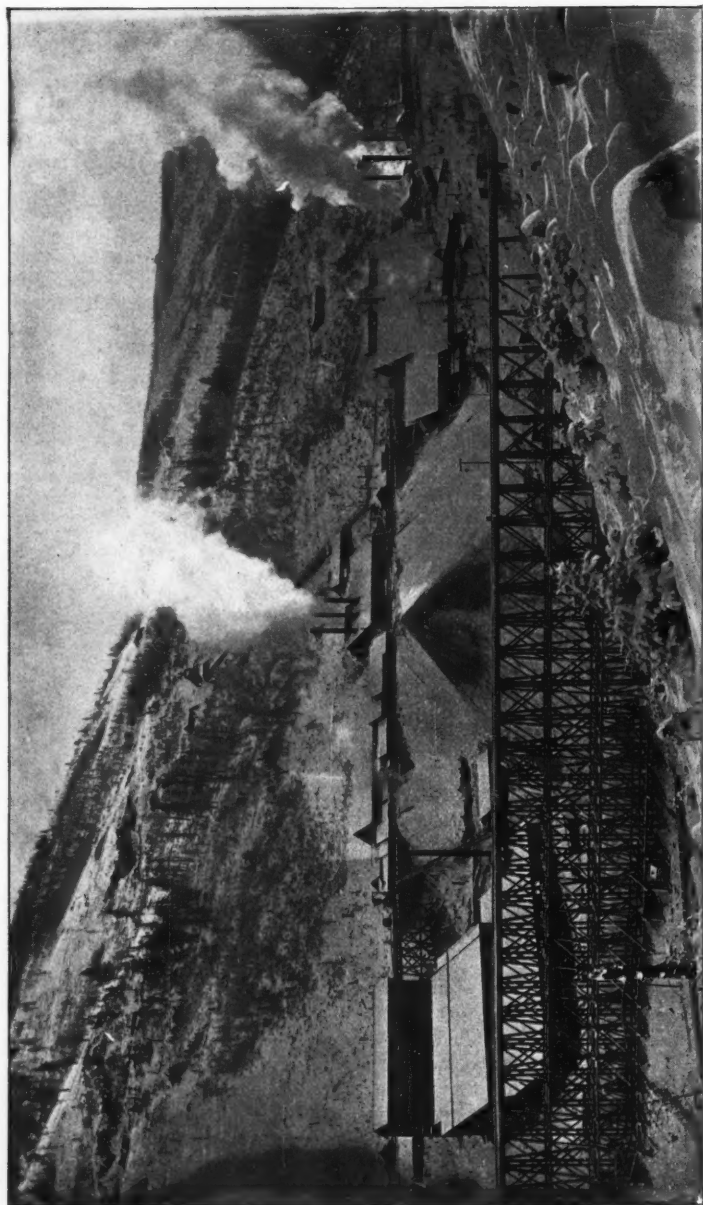
to release the precious metal. The manifold ways of treating the ore when it reaches the smelters are very interesting, nor does it grow less so from that period on, until it is finally turned out of the mint as coin and put in circulation. One of the peculiarities of quartz mining in Montana is that the deeper down a mine is developed the richer becomes the ore. After the ore is taken from the mine it is sent to the smelters.

With few exceptions mines do not own their own smelters, and for various reasons. Unless a mine is exceptionally large and very rich it cannot afford it, as it takes a large quantity of ore to keep even a small smelter running—and the majority of mines do not turn out



Revenue Gold Mine, Near Virginia City. The only Mine in Montana in which the Scynode Process is Successfully Operated

by tracks along the hillside and the ore is delivered into the bins of the contractors on the upper line. These bins have a capacity of 78,000 tons, in order that material may always be on hand for several days' work. From these bins the ore passes through the concentrators and is crushed, going through a washing process which carries away the non-mineral portions, reducing the bulk, and only the minerals remain. From stage to stage by gravity the concentrates or minerals descend, until they are finally carried off by a force of



Sixty Stamp Mill

Original Mouth of the Mine

The Drumlummon. One of the Largest Gold Mines in the United States. Compressed Air Plant

Fifty Stamp Mill

water into the settling rooms. Here the water is drained off and the concentrates in the form of fine sand are hauled back to the smelter, on the top of the hill, to have the metals melted out of them. The mass is emptied first into huge revolving iron cylinders, which destroy a greater part of the sulphur. Then the red hot material is discharged into the furnace, where it is reduced to liquid and drawn off into molds. The metal so drawn off is known as matte—and contains besides the precious metals a percentage of the baser ones, iron and others. These mattes go to the electrolytic works, where by an intricate process the precious metals are separated one from the other.

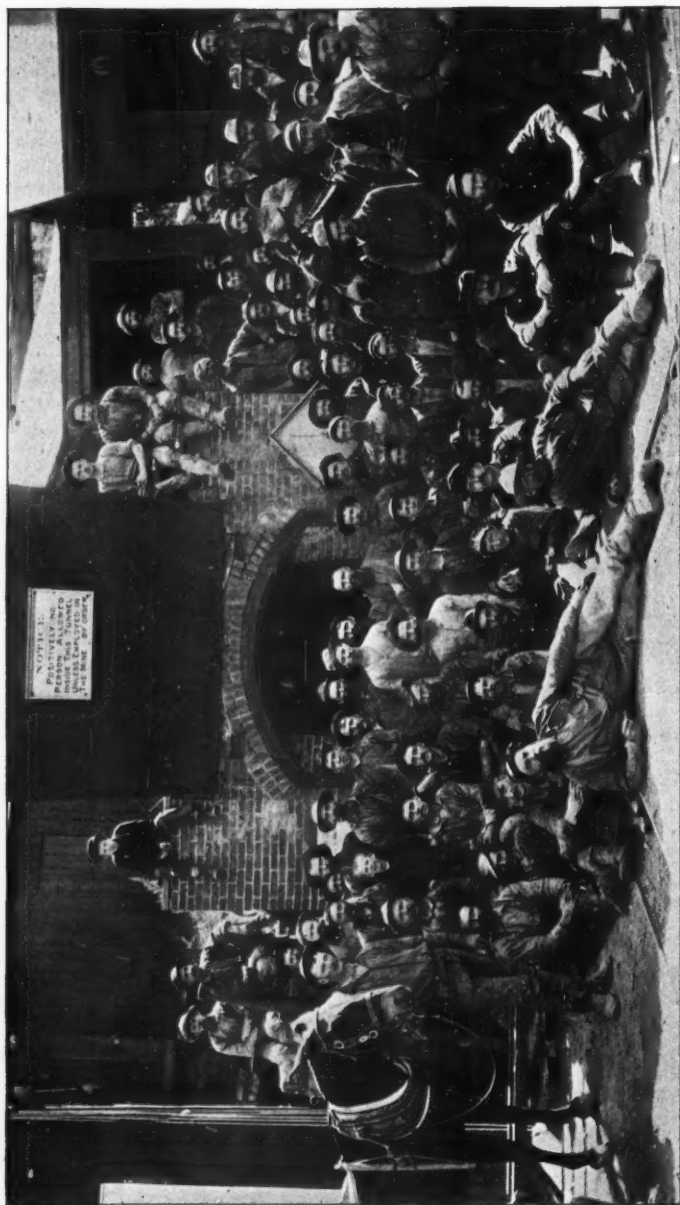
The pay roll of this one company alone is almost \$150,000 a month, not including the cost of 400 tons of coal and 180 cords of wood consumed every twenty-four hours. While but few mines can afford smelters, many have their own concentrators and ship only the concentrates to the smelter for refining. The concentrator belonging to the Drumlummon mine, at Marysville, is a fair sample of that branch of mining. Upon that property there are two mills, one of fifty and the other of sixty stamps. The stamps weigh 900 pounds and drop ninety-six times a minute. They have a capacity of crushing $2\frac{1}{4}$ tons per day per stamp. After leaving the battery the pulp passes over copper plates and then over Frue vaners, of which two are allowed for every battery of five stamps. The concentrates have a value of several hundred dollars per ton and are shipped to the smelters. The "trailings" from the vaners are treated in twenty-four pans and twelve settlers with small charges of salt, acid and sulphate of copper, and after passing through the agitators leave the mill and flow down the creek, where they are stored in large dams—to prevent their interfering with the agricultural interests below.

The smelter at East Helena, about six miles from the city of Helena, at the mouth of the Prickly Pear Canyon, is the largest and most complete custom smelter in the State. It receives its ores from Montana, Idaho, Washington and British Columbia, employs about 300 men and can handle sulphide and carbonate ores at the rate of 250 tons a day.

The great smelters of the Boston & Montana Company at Great Falls are also vastly interesting. The water power, afforded by the falls, make it one of the most complete in every detail in the State.

The Butte reduction works are situated about a mile south of the city. Their smelting capacity is about 200 tons per day. Butte has numerous smaller smelters scattered on the outskirts of the town—it being such an enormous mining camp as to render it necessary.

There is an odd story connected with the great Drumlummon mine illustrating the fact that the man who discovers a mine does not always profit by it. More than thirty years ago a man named Hilderbrand went prospecting in the mountains near Marysville, Montana, and while ascending the side of a mountain he accidentally chipped off a piece from a huge boulder, which to his great surprise was fairly bristling with gold. His knowledge of mineralogy assisted him in locating the lead and opening it, when he found his most sanguine expectations were unsurpassed. With him, prospecting, was a partner, and it was an accident which befell the latter that finally resulted in Hilderbrand losing his "strike." One day while attempting to roll the great boulder to one side it rolled on the partner's arm, crushing it. The injured man went to Helena for surgical treatment, and Hilderbrand having no money just at that time, went to work in some plaster mines, meaning to return to his "strike" later. Years rolled by and the rich "find" grew less and less in his mind, until finally, when



A Group of Miners in Front of the Entrance to the Drumlummon Gold Mine

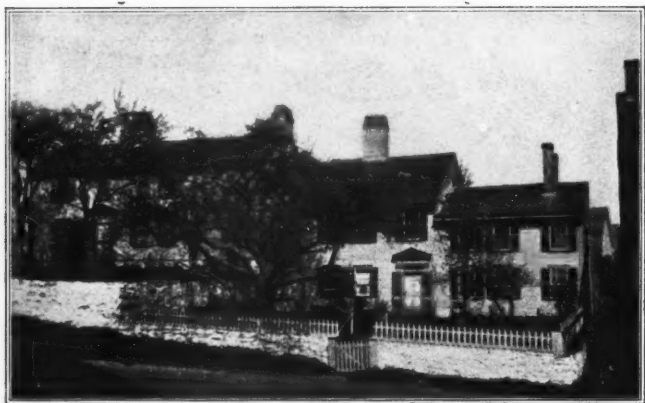
the gold discoveries in Deadwood drew so many miners there, he followed the stampede. Later he drifted back to Montana, and remembering his "strike," decided to look it up again. When he arrived at the place, instead of finding the small tunnel he and his partner had made, he found the great stamp mills, hoisting plants and other paraphernalia of the present Drumlummon mine. And in a little inclosure was the identical boulder which had crushed his partner's arm, neatly fenced in. While he was in Deadwood it had been discovered by a poor Irishman, who was prospecting in the same locality, and who is today one of the richest men in Montana.

And now there has recently appeared a new process of reduction that is fast superseding both placer and quartz mining. It is the extraction of gold by means of cyanide of potassium, a process that was invented by two Scotchmen, the first mill being erected in Australia in 1887. One followed in Africa in 1890, and the first cyanide of potassium mill in the United States appeared in Boulder County, Colorado, in 1892. There are now something like fifty cyanide plants in South Africa, twenty-four in Australia, and twenty in the United States.

Cyanide of potassium is made from the hoofs, horns and refuse of cattle, and as a chemical poison is one of the most deadly that can be made. It has, however, a wonderful affinity for gold, and because of this peculiar quality has lately become an innovation in mining circles. The process in brief is this: Carloads of what look like cobblestones, railroad ballast or broken granite are poured into a mill, which gradually grinds the mass into a powder like pumice stone. It has the appearance of

being nothing more than dust, but each grain of this dust contains an infinitesimal quantity of gold, and this costly dust is worth a fortune. In its powder condition the mass is dumped into immense circular tanks of steel and the cyanide solution is then introduced by means of pipes. The mixture that results looks like brown mush. On account of the affinity gold has for cyanide of potassium, the gold leaves the earth, melts and assumes the form of a liquid, thus becoming a part of the cyanide solution. This solution, having the appearance of golden water, is drawn off into hogsheads. The yellow metal now in solution with cyanide manifests another affinity, this time with zinc. Consequently the golden water is turned into huge vats filled with what might be called zinc excelsior. In this way the gold leaves the solution and sticks to the zinc. The last step in the process then takes place. The zinc, with the particles of gold clinging to it, are put into a furnace and smelted, the result being a brick of solid gold which only a short time before had made its advent into the mill in the form of carloads of ordinary looking rocks.

It is this new process that is about to revolutionize the reduction of low grade ores. Two years ago we were behind both Africa and Australia in gold production, but last year, owing to the new processes, we regained our position as the chief gold-producing country in the world and lead by \$10,000,000. Old fields that were exhausted by the placer processes can now be re-prospected and re-worked with the cyanide method, yielding in return an amount of the invaluable metal that is likely in a few years to revolutionize the financial system of the world.



Birthplace of Dr. C. T. Jackson, North Street, Plymouth, Mass.

DR. JACKSON'S DISCOVERY OF ETHER

BY WILLIAM BARBER

CHARLES T. JACKSON, whose name is inseparably associated with the discovery of anaesthesia by means of the inhalation of sulphuric ether, had attained at the date of the discovery a prominent place among the scientific men of the United States. Born in 1805, he had received the degree of M. D. from Harvard University in 1829, had then spent three years in Europe, studying in Paris, visiting Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, Bavaria, and Austria, and making geological explorations in Sicily and the mountain region of Auvergne, in France. He returned to the United States in 1832 and began practice as a surgeon and physician, but soon turned his attention almost exclusively to researches in chemistry, geology, and mineralogy. From 1836 to 1850 his time was largely occupied in exploring and describing the geology of Maine, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Michigan, and in chemical investigations connected with his field work. From time to time he contributed many valuable papers to "Silliman's Journal" and to the proceedings

of various scientific bodies, including the French Academy of Sciences.

His account of the discovery of the anaesthetic properties of sulphuric ether is briefly as follows: In the winter of 1841-2, while delivering a lecture in Boston, he accidentally broke a glass jar of chlorine gas, the fumes of which nearly suffocated him. He at once inhaled sulphuric ether and was thereby much relieved. But the next morning his throat was again very painful, and his lungs much oppressed. Again he had recourse to sulphuric ether. He sat down, soaked a towel in ether, and placed it over his mouth and nose, so as to allow him to inhale the vapor mixed with air. Under its operation he gradually became insensible to pain, and then unconscious for a space, as he infers, of about a quarter of an hour. As consciousness gradually returned, the sensation of pain in the throat returned with it.

From this experience he deduced the truth that sulphuric ether can be safely and effectually applied as an anaesthetic in surgical operations. He mentioned

this incident to several of his friends, and expressed to them his conviction of the important nature of his discovery. Their testimony was given before a Congressional committee appointed in 1851 to determine who was the discoverer of the new anaesthetic. Dr. Jackson at this time, and for years afterwards, was so busy with his geological and chemical investigations that he had no time to introduce his great discovery in a satisfactory manner to public notice. But on September 30, 1846, according to the testimony of Mr. George O. Barnes, a student in Dr. Jackson's office, Mr. W. T. G. Morton, a dentist who had been a student in Dr. Jackson's chemical office and laboratory, entered the office and said he proposed to extract the tooth of a female patient by making her believe that a bag inflated with air contained something that would render the operation painless. Dr. Jackson dissuaded him from this unwise project, and told him to get a bottle of pure strong sulphuric ether, spatter it on a handkerchief, and take care that it should be well inhaled. Morton said, "Sulphuric ether! What is it? Is it a gas? Show me some." Dr. Jackson did so. Morton smelt of it, as if it was something quite new to him, remarked that it was "queer-smelling stuff," and asked Dr. Jackson repeatedly if it would accomplish the result, and if it was perfectly safe to administer. Dr. Jackson replied affirmatively to both questions, and Morton, after being shown by Dr. Jackson's example precisely how it was to be administered, left the office. He returned either that day or the next, and reported the success of the experiment. Dr. Jackson then directed him to call on Dr. Warren and obtain his permission to administer the ether at the Massachusetts General Hospital. Morton reluctantly consented to do so, as he wished to keep secret the nature of the anaesthetic, and asked if something could not be used to disguise the smell. Dr. Jackson told

him he would not consent to any secrecy about the matter. Morton accordingly called on Dr. Warren, and on October 16, 1846, without notice to Dr. Jackson, attended and administered the ether to the patient, who, while under its influence, was painlessly relieved of a tumor in the cheek. Dr. Jackson called on Dr. Warren soon afterwards, told him that Morton had called by his direction, and that the new anaesthetic was sulphuric ether. He then asked Dr. Warren to have it administered in some capital operation. Dr. Warren consented, named the following Saturday as the time, and asked Dr. Jackson to attend and personally administer the ether. Dr. Jackson, however, was under an engagement to be in Maryland on the Monday following, and in order to fulfil it was obliged to leave Boston on Friday evening. The operation (an amputation above the knee joint) was successfully performed under the influence of the anaesthetic.

A few months later Morton began to assert that he was the original discoverer of anaesthesia by the inhalation of sulphuric ether. This pretension was, of course, contested by Dr. Jackson, and the state of hostility commenced between the two claimants, and their respective adherents, which has become well known in medical annals as the "ether controversy."

The testimony of Mr. George O. Barnes as to Morton's apparent ignorance of the nature of sulphuric ether on the 30th of September, 1846, has already been referred to. It is fully corroborated by the deposition of Mr. James McIntyre, a fellow-student who was present at the same interview. As this deposition is, in substance, a mere repetition of what Mr. Barnes has stated, it need not be further noticed.

Morton himself gives a version of the same interview. After admitting that Dr. Jackson dissuaded him from the bag experiment, he (Morton) said, "Why cannot I give the ether gas? He said

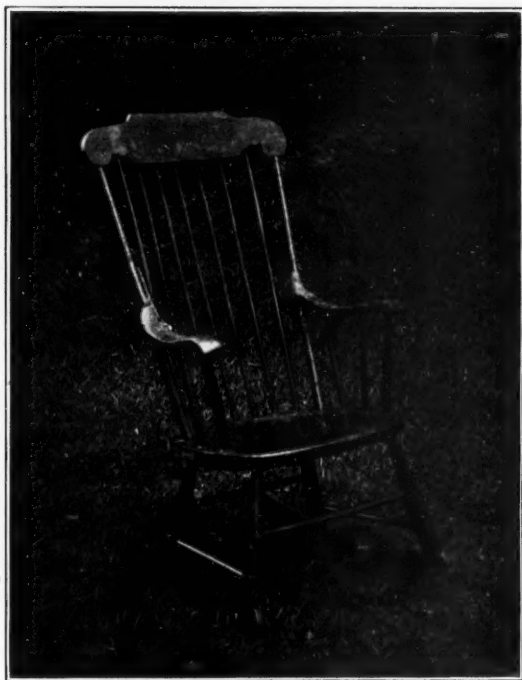


Respectfully
Yours Oth. Fort.
Charles T. Jackson

that I could do so, and spoke again of the students taking it at Cambridge. He said *the patient would be dull and stupefied; and that I could do what I pleased with him; that he would not be able to help himself.*" Morton then admits that he made the inquiries he wished as

ton's biography from materials furnished by himself.)

According to the testimony presented to the Congressional committee above referred to, Morton himself, before he had determined to claim the discovery, repeatedly admitted to various persons



Chair in which Etherization was Discovered by Dr. Charles T. Jackson,
Winter of 1841-2

to the different kinds of ether, and asked Dr. Jackson to show him what he had, and that Dr. Jackson directed him to get some, highly rectified, at Burnett's (a well-known chemist). He explains the reason why he was not more explicit, by saying that "he feared Dr. Jackson might forestall him, and guess what he was experimenting upon." (See "Trials of a Public Benefactor," New York, 1859, by Nathan P. Rice, M. D., p. 172-3, a book containing Mor-

ton's biography from materials furnished by himself.)
and that he merely followed Dr. Jackson's directions. D. P. Wilson, for a time an assistant in Morton's office, declares that this was the uniform statement of Morton, and in giving an account of what Morton said respecting the interview referred to by Dr. Barnes, affirms that Morton described the instructions then received by him from Dr. Jackson as they are set forth by Mr. Barnes.

Alvah Blaisdell, of Boston, stated that in a conversation with Morton he asked him, "Was it Dr. Jackson who made the discovery?" Mr. Morton at once answered that it was, and that Dr. Jackson had communicated it to him, with instructions as to the proper mode of applying the ether.

Testimony equally strong on this point was furnished by Allen Clark, Horace J. Payne, Phineas A. Stone and

Bigelow, after describing the dental operation performed by Dr. Morton under the influence of the newly-discovered 'compound,' as it was then called, stated that Dr. Morton had derived his knowledge of the substance used from you.

Dr. Bigelow ascribes its first suggestion to Dr. Charles T. Jackson, and its application, under his advice, for mitigating pain, to Dr. W. T. G. Morton, both of Boston." (See report, p.



Inscription made by Dr. Jackson in the Bottom of a Chair: "Seated in this Chair Before it was Covered and Cushioned Etherization was Discovered by Charles T. Jackson in Winter of 1841-2"

Daniel I. Blake, all highly respectable and unimpeachable witnesses.

The Honorable Edward Stanley, a member of the Congressional committee, states that Morton was unable to answer questions relative to the composition of sulphuric ether, addressed to him personally by Mr. Stanley. (See his report, p. 24.)

The Honorable Edward Everett writes, in a letter to Dr. Jackson dated 21st October, 1851, referring to an address delivered 3d November, 1846, by Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, of the Massachusetts General Hospital, as follows: "Dr.

37-8.) Another letter by Mr. Everett is as follows:

Cambridge, 26th February, 1847.

Dear Sir: Considering the great importance of your discovery of a mode of producing temporary insensibility to pain during the performance of surgical operations, I have thought that it might be advisable for you, in the form of a paper addressed to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, to place on record the most important facts connected with the discovery and its introduction into general notoriety and practice. Although these facts are

known to many persons in their general outline in this neighborhood, others at a distance do not possess that advantage; and a due regard to the in-

Sciences. He informed Morton of this proceeding, and Morton likewise presented his claim and sent over a special messenger to insure its proper presenta-

*advantage; & a due
Regard to the Interests
of Science seems to require
some such Statement from
the most authentic Source.*

*I am, Dear Sir,
with much regard,
faithfully Yours,
Edward Everett.*

Fac-simile of a Page from Edward Everett's Letter

terests of science seems to require some such statement from the most authentic source.

I am, dear sir, with much regard,
faithfully yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

Dr. Jackson, desirous of having his claim adjudicated by some scientific body or recognized authority, on the 13th November, 1846, addressed a memorial on the subject to the French Academy of

tion. A commission of nine of the most eminent surgeons of France was appointed to examine the question and report thereon at some future day. The report was not presented until the year 1850. The commissioners reported that they had examined all the documents attentively and conscientiously, and on their recommendation the Academy awarded "A prize of 2500 francs to M. Jackson for his observations and his experiments upon the anaesthetic ef-

fects produced by the inhalation of ether. Another of 2500 francs to M. Morton for having introduced this method into surgical practice according to the directions of M. Jackson (*d'après les indications de M. Jackson*)."

In Morton's account of the award, he states that he declined to notice it, until warned by a correspondent in Paris, some two years afterwards, that he would lose the benefit of it unless he did so. That he then wrote to the Academy protesting against the decision. "Finally, the Academy's expression of opinion was received by Dr. Morton in the acceptable form of their largest gold medal. On one side of this magnificent testi-

monial is a finely executed head of Minerva, etc. Valuable as was the medal, it did not absorb the whole sum of 2500 francs voted by the Academy, and the balance was expended in a massive gold frame, ornamented with branches of laurel—that classic tribute to victory." ("Trials," etc., p. 218. See also biography in American Encyclopaedia.)

The simple truth is that the Academy expressed no other opinion than that contained in the award. Morton had the right to ask that so much of the money awarded to him as might be necessary to purchase the medal, which is merely the ordinary medal of the Academy, should be applied to that pur-

DEAR AGASSY,

I am very sorry to find you gone, as I came loaded with books and was to show you the places. I am to call to your mind that you promised to give an hour to this tedious question before you went abroad, and I fancied myself in condition to shorten your inquiry. I think our Doctor Jackson has been cruelly wronged in the matter. So think your friends the younger Cabots; so thinks Elic de Beaumont; so Whewell, and so Humboldt who has lately examined the whole affair and sent him the Prussian Eagle.

Will you please to look at Dr Morton's own book *Anæsthesia* herewith sent, and at his witness, Dr. Gould's testimony. What is most material is, I believe, marked with pencil in the margin. I have asked the Doctor J. to put the principal heads of his plea on paper, which you will find within the covers of "*Anæsthesia*."

May I ask the kind attention of my friend Mrs. Agassy to this particular volume, as I am to restore it to the Doctor J., to whom it is important.

Ever yours,

R. W. EMERSON.

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went abroad; and
I fancied myself
in condition to shorten
your inquiry. I think
our Doctor Jackson
has been cruelly wronged
in the matter; so
think your friends,
the younger Cabots; so
thinks Elic de Beaumont;

pose. He did so. The medal cost 300 francs. The balance, 2200 francs, was remitted to Morton, who seems to have used it in ornamenting the medal with the elaborate additions which he describes. (See letter of Elie de Beaumont, a distinguished member of the Academy, to Jackson. Report, p. 56.) M. de Beaumont concludes his letter thus: "It (the medal) was not struck separately for him. You have the right to ask for one exactly like it; only in that case you should receive but 2200 francs instead of 2500 francs."

In the year 1851, Dr. Jackson had addressed a letter to Baron von Humboldt, giving a condensed history of the origin of etherization. In consequence of this communication the Baron, by order of the King of Prussia, applied to the Honorable Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, for all the evidence of the American claimants to the discovery of anaesthesia. It is presumed he was furnished with all the documents required, and Dr. Jackson and Dr. Morton were both officially informed of the application. The protracted investigation which Baron von Humboldt bestowed on the case, resulted in a decision in favor of Dr. Jackson, who, in 1857, received from the King of Prussia, through the Prussian Minister at Washington, the Order of the Red Eagle. In addition to these honors conferred upon him by foreign governments, are the Cross of the Legion of Honor, at the suggestion of the great surgeon Trousseau, from the French Republic, the Order of St. Maurice and Lazzaro from the King of Italy, the Order of the Medjidieh from the Sultan of Turkey, and a gold medal struck expressly for the purpose, at the suggestion of the great chemist Berzelius, from the King of Sweden.

In a memorial addressed to Congress, under date of November 20, 1847, by physicians and surgeons of the Massachusetts General Hospital, it is stated that the first satisfactory experiments in

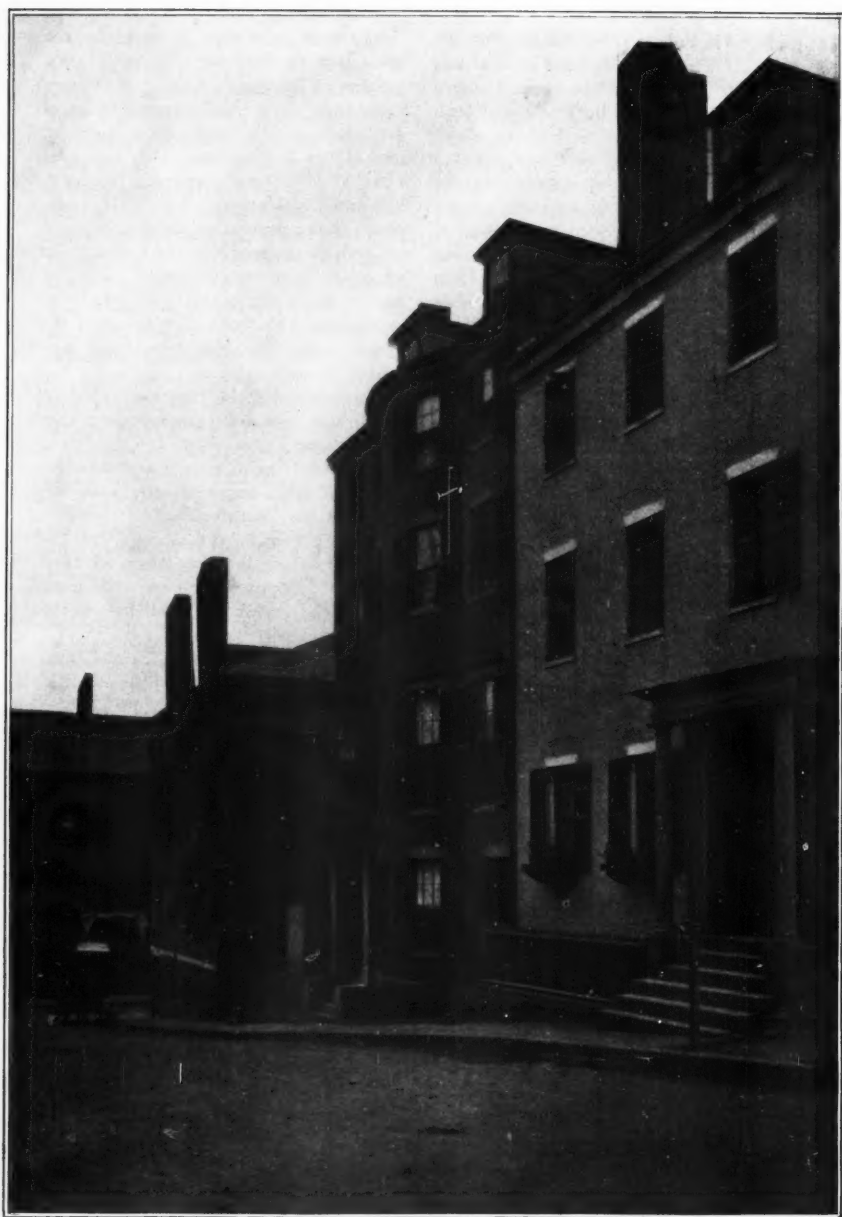
the prevention of pain by means of the inhalation of ether were made "by two citizens of Boston." Among the names signed to this memorial appear those of Drs. John C. Warren, Jacob Bigelow, and Henry J. Bigelow. The "two citizens" alluded to are obviously Dr. Jackson and Dr. Morton. But as Dr. Jackson was not present on these occasions, in what sense can it be said that these successful experiments were made by both? Evidently in this: that Dr. Jackson's head contrived, planned, and directed, what Dr. Morton's hand executed.

No doubt Dr. Morton succeeded in creating a very general impression that the discovery was made by him. He was a man of great energy and activity; he spent large sums of money in advertising his "Letheon," as he called it. He was a dentist, and, at one time, in large practice, and was thus afforded frequent opportunities of diffusing among the community a belief in the truth of his pretensions.

In Dr. Morton's book ("Trials," etc., p. 49) is an account headed "William T. G. Morton in account with his Discovery from October, 1846, to 1858." The debit side of this account foots up \$187,561; the credit side \$1600. Among the items are the following:

Various literary gentlemen for procuring favorable opinions of the press, preparation of replies and other papers, with salary of private secretary.....	\$2,100
Printing and publishing of papers and pamphlets during introduction of discovery, newspaper articles, circulars, etc.....	4,326
Hotel and travelling expenses in Washington City from time of discovery to date, with hack hire, telegraphing, expressing, etc.....	17,520

To this charge is appended the following significant note: "Large as this sum is, it by no means includes all the expenses. Those who have endeavored



Residence of Dr. Jackson on Somerset St., Boston, Built on the Site of his Laboratory

to push a claim before Congress, or have lived winter after winter at Washington, can fully appreciate why it should be even much more."

By way of explanation, it should be stated that Dr. Morton spent several winters at Washington for the purpose of endeavoring to induce Congress to pay him a large sum of money as the discoverer of anaesthesia by means of the use of ether.

Strong efforts have been recently made, in view of the near approach of October 16, 1896, the semi-centennial year from the date of the first use of sulphuric ether as an anaesthetic in the Massachusetts General Hospital, to revive and reassert the claim which Morton struggled so long and persistently, but in vain, to establish. No new light can possibly be thrown, at this late date, on the controversy. That Dr. Morton's path was a thorny one, is manifest from the chapters of his book ("Trials," etc.) headed "Pecuniary Difficulties," "The Last Defeat," "Action of the Charitable," and "Conclusion."

Dr. Jackson quietly pursued his scientific career until the year 1873, when the active, inventive brain that had sent forth to the world so many valuable conceptions, ceased to perform its normal functions, and his life closed, seven years later, on August 28, 1880, in one of the departments of the Massachusetts General Hospital, the institution in which his beneficent discovery was first introduced to public notice.

Dr. Morton died in 1868, on July 15th.

Was Dr. Jackson's report of the circumstances of his discovery true? Did he, as testified by several of his friends, soon afterwards, and prior to October, 1846, tell them of this discovery and express his confidence in it?

Is the narrative true of Messrs. Barnes and McIntyre as to the occurrences of September 30, 1846, at the interview between Dr. Jackson and Morton, when the latter, according to their statement, showed his ignorance of the

nature and effects of sulphuric ether until instructed by Dr. Jackson?

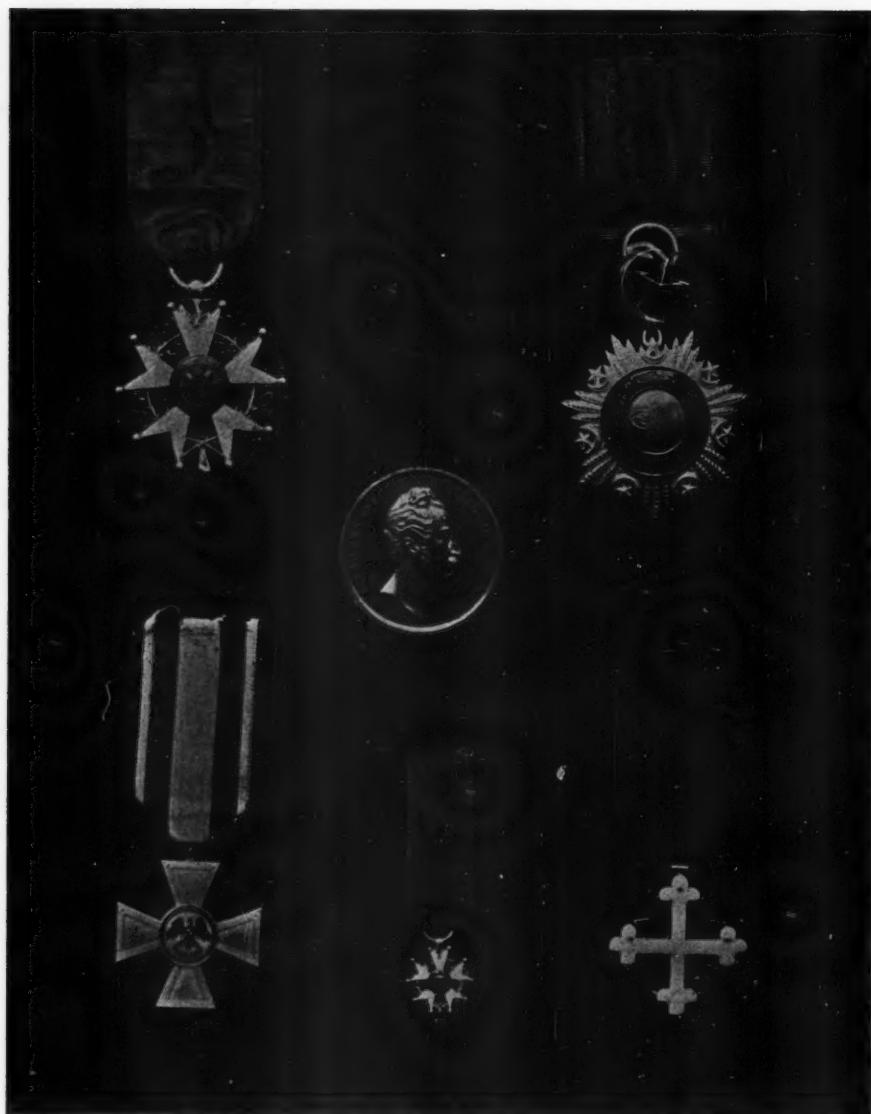
Are the numerous witnesses to be believed, who state definitely and positively, that Morton, shortly after October 16, 1846, repeatedly admitted that the discovery was not his, but Dr. Jackson's, and that in using it he had followed Dr. Jackson's instructions? It seems incredible that all this testimony can be untrue.

With what color of consistency or reason can Morton's adherents be permitted to urge his claims to the discovery, in view of the fact that they were submitted by him to the French Academy, that the Academy decided against them, and awarded the honor of the discovery to Dr. Jackson, and that of the successful administration of the anaesthetic in conformity with his directions to Morton; that Morton recognized the fairness of this decision by accepting the prize awarded to him and surrounding the medal which constituted a part of it, with a golden wreath of laurel,—“that classical tribute to victory”?

The decision of the French Academy was acquiesced in by both parties, as reasonable and just. The controversy thereby became “*res judicata*,” and both parties were in reason and justice precluded from disputing it.

No national testimonial has yet been awarded, and probably none ever will be, to those whose names are most closely connected with the discovery of the greatest boon that has ever been conferred by science on suffering humanity. “The whole world,” says that eminent surgeon, Sir James Paget, “owes to them immeasurable happiness.”

The nation has provided, with unexampled liberality, for those who came to its aid in the great conflict of more than thirty years ago. Said Lincoln at Gettysburg, in his grand tribute to their memory: “The world will little heed, nor long remember, what we say here,

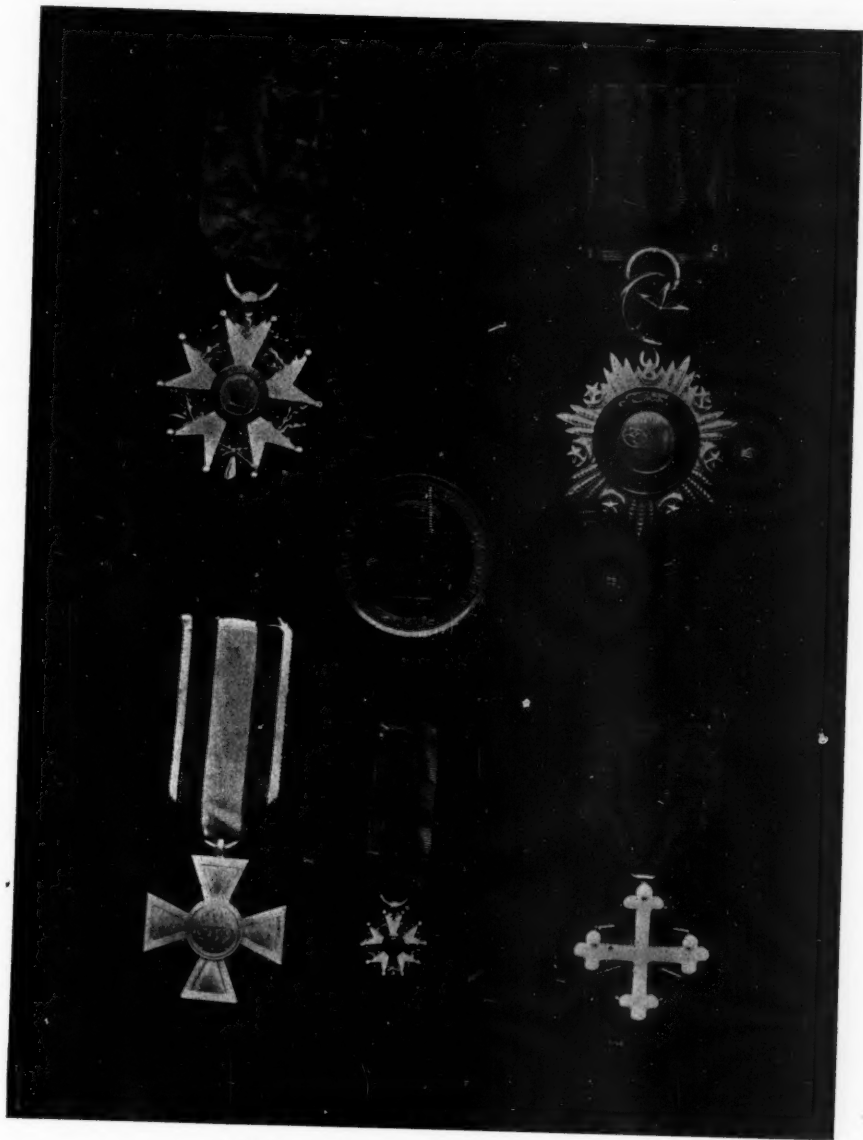


MEDALS RECEIVED BY DR. JACKSON

Cross of Legion of Honor,
Gift of Louis Napoleon
Red Eagle of Prussia,
Gift of the King of Prussia

Gold Medal,
Gift of Oscar, King of Sweden
Small Cross of Legion of Honor,
(Size to be worn)

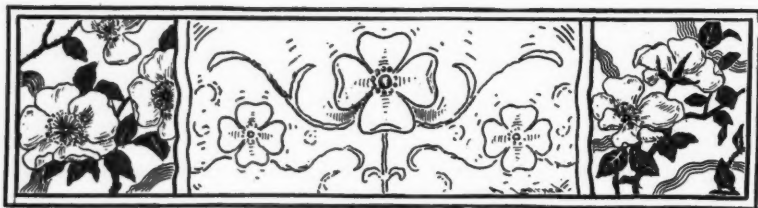
Order of Medijeh,
Gift of the Sultan of Turkey
Cross of S. S. Maurice and Lazzaro,
Given by the King of Sardinia

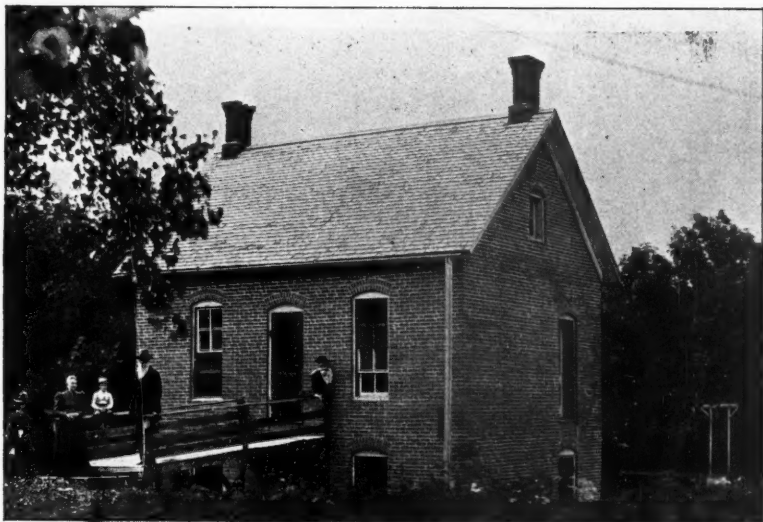


Medals Given to Dr. Jackson in Honor of his Great Discovery
(Reverse)

but it will never forget what they did here." And it ought not—and especially our own government ought not—to forget the lives that were saved and the torments that were mitigated on the battlefield, and in warship and hospital,

by means of Jackson's great discovery and Morton's energy in explaining and facilitating its practical application, and rapidly extending the sphere of its usefulness.





Rear View, Looking North, of Dr. Freeman's House

THE FIRST HOMESTEAD IN THE UNITED STATES

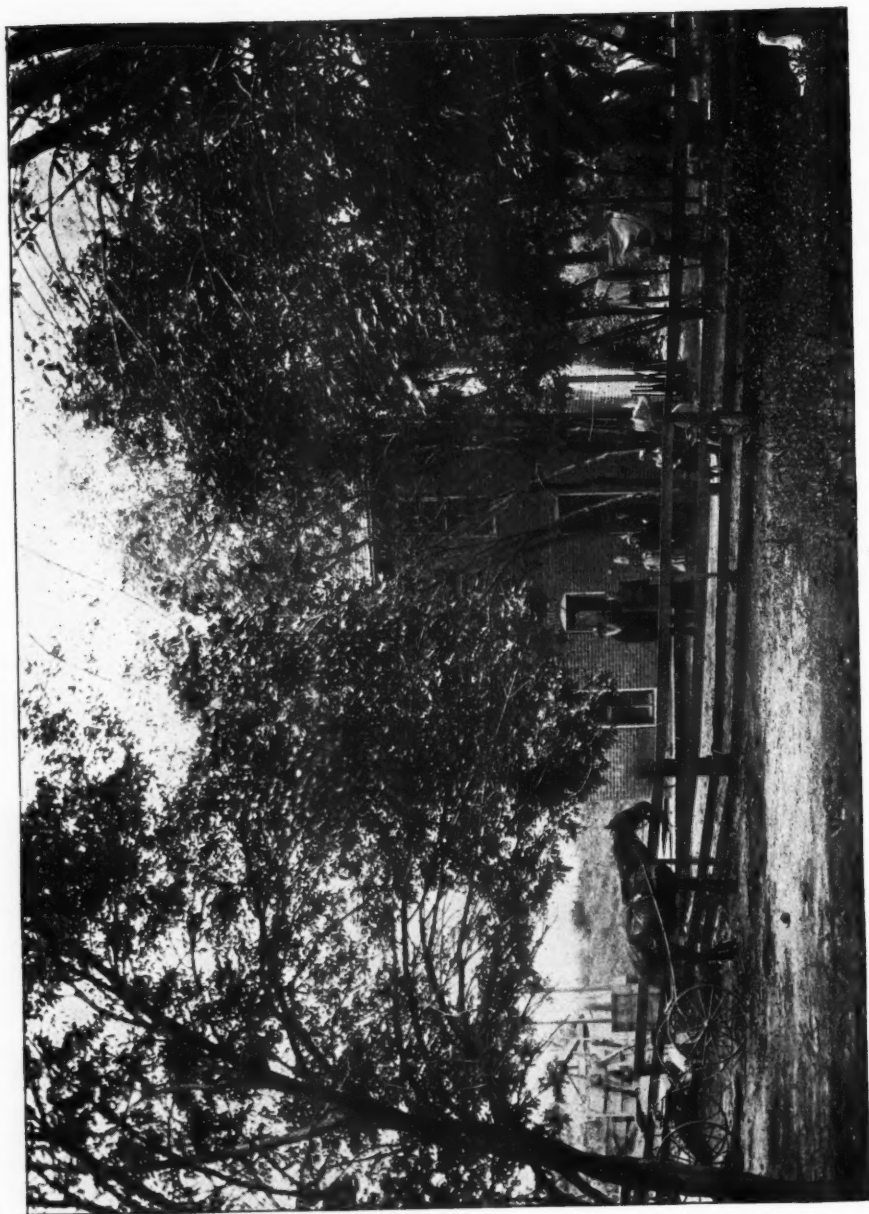
By S. S. PETERS

GAGE County, Nebraska, enjoys the unique distinction of having within its borders the first homestead entered and patented under the Homestead law of the United States. Dr. Daniel Freeman, to whom this land was granted, is still living on the land and is particularly esteemed and loved in the county.

The securing of the first homestead or the filing of the first application by Dr. Freeman was more of accident than design. The Homestead act was approved on the 20th day of May, 1862, and took effect January 1st, 1863. Dr. Freeman had purchased a "squatter's right," which he held until the 31st day of December, 1862, having made the original purchase the July previous. The rights of the squatter consisted of his possession of the land by actual settlement thereon and whatever improvements he had made. In this special in-

stance Dr. Freeman's improvements were a log cabin, a log stable and fifteen or twenty acres of breaking.

The government land office was at that time located at Brownville, Nebraska, on the Missouri river, some seventy-five or more miles east of Dr. Freeman's place. On December 31st, he proceeded to Brownville to make entry of the land and file his application under the Homestead laws. At this time he was regularly enlisted in the United States army, and was in Nebraska on special duty. He was under orders to report at headquarters, and was therefore in some haste to file his application for a homestead. Hence he went to Brownville for that purpose. At the hotel where Dr. Freeman put up there was a New Year's eve ball in progress, and he was invited to join in the festivities. He accepted the courteous invitation, and during the evening he be-



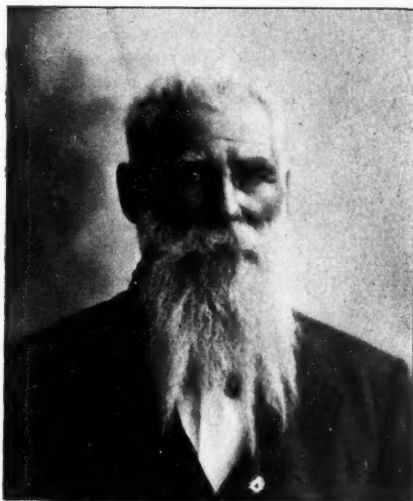
Front View of the New House Built by Dr. Daniel Freeman at Gage County, Nebraska, on the Site of the First Homestead in the United States

came acquainted with a young man who was to be clerk or assistant to the land office register or receiver. From this young man Dr. Freeman learned that the next day being a legal holiday the land office would not be opened. Dr. Freeman stated the urgency of his business, and that he was under imperative orders to report at army district headquarters at Leavenworth, without delay, and that it would be a great accommodation to him if he could file his

The United States of America
to
Daniel Freeman.
HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATE NO.
1—APPLICATION NO. 1.

The United States of America, to all whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

WHEREAS, There has been deposited in the General Land Office of The United States a certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Brownville,

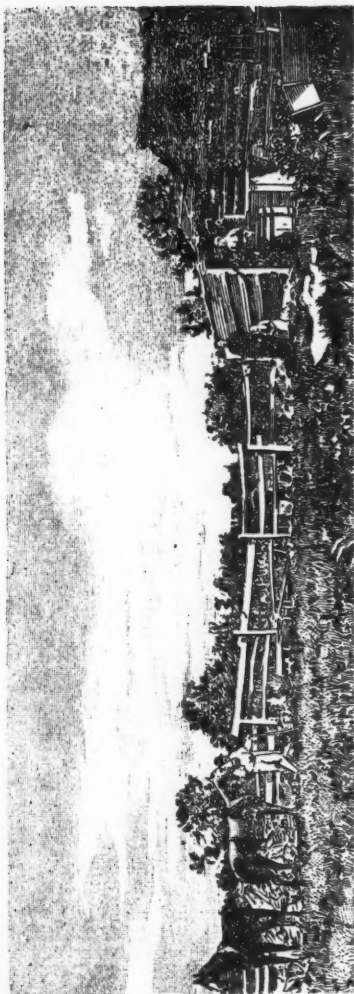


DR. DANIEL FREEMAN
From his Latest Photograph

application before leaving, as it would be impossible to tell when he would return. Upon his representation of the state of affairs, the clerk sent for the receiver, and at midnight the office was opened and before 12:05 on the morning of January 1st, 1863, Dr. Freeman had made his filing upon the first homestead ever taken under the Homestead act.

Herewith is the verbatim copy of the record on file in the county so far as it relates to the homestead in question:

Nebraska, Territory, whereby it appears that pursuant to the Act of Congress approved the 20th day of May, A.D. 1862, "To secure Homesteads to actual settlers on the public domain," and the acts supplemental thereto, the claim of DANIEL FREEMAN has been established and duly consummated in conformity to law for the south half (s. 1-2) of the north east quarter (n. e. 1-4), and the north east quarter (n. e. 1-4) of the northwest quarter (n. w. 1-4), and the north west quarter (n. w. 1-4) of the



The First Homestead in the United States
From an Old Engraving

north east quarter (n. e. 1-4), of Section Twenty Six (26), in Township Four (4), North of Range Five (5) East, in the district of lands subject to sale at Brownville, Nebraska Territory (now Beatrice, Nebraska), containing one hundred and sixty (160) acres, according to the official plat of the survey of the said land returned to the General Land Office by the Surveyor General.

NOW KNOW YE, that there is therefore granted by the United States unto the said Daniel Freeman the tracts of land above described, to have and to hold the said tracts of land with the appurtenances thereof unto the said Daniel Freeman and his heirs and assigns forever.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States of America, have caused these letters to be made PATENT and the Seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand at the city of Washington, the first day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, and the Independence of the United States the ninety-fourth.

By the President: U. S. GRANT.

SEAL By I. Barrett, Secretary.

Recorded Volume I, Page 1.

I. W. GRANGER,

Recorder of the General Land Office.

Filed for record at the office of the County Clerk, January 5th, A. D. 1870, at 4 o'clock p. m., and recorded in Deed Record "F" at page 114. Recorded January 6th, A. D. 1870.

Accompanying this article will be found an illustration of this homestead and the old log cabin and stable, taken from a photograph some years ago. The old log structures have long since gone into decay, and but little vestiges of them are left. Some of the logs are still preserved near the new Freeman residence, across the road from the old cabin, which are gradually disappearing under the ravages and ap-

peals of relic hunters. A substantial brick residence now constitutes the home place of Dr. Freeman.

The "Homestead" is located about five miles west of Beatrice, Nebraska, on what is known as Cub Creek. The house is surrounded by a shady grove of noble elms and walnuts, planted many years ago by the owner. The farm is one of the best kept in the State, and the genial doctor has added to it until he now has twelve hundred acres, comprising his home place. Of this about four hundred acres are under cultivation. Five hundred acres are in tame pasture, and the remainder wild land and woodland, which affords abundant pasturage for the old veteran's growing herds of cattle, horses, hogs and sheep. The house is approached by a roadway shaded by a magnificent grove of stately cottonwood and osage trees, extending nearly a mile eastward toward Beatrice. These were planted by Dr. Freeman's own hands, and like him are still stately and sturdy in their rugged vigor.

During the early part of May of the present year Dr. Freeman celebrated his seventieth birthday anniversary. He is in vigorous health and looks as if he would round out a century. He is an ardent believer in the destiny of Nebraska, and is an arborcultivist in the fullest sense of the term. On last Arbor Day he had 1000 new fruit trees set out in his already large orchard, in order that the new trees may take the place of those which decay year by year. He makes a like addition to his orchard every year or two. Dr. Freeman is a genial host, and nothing affords him greater pleasure than to entertain visitors. He is justly proud of the distinction that his title of "The First Homesteader" gives to him and delights in

showing his "Patent No. 1" to all inquiring visitors.

The accompanying portrait of the venerable Dr. Freeman was taken especially for this article.



DR. DANIEL FREEMAN
Who secured the First Homestead in the United States



IT is a curious fact that while American women are notably the most fashionably and pleasingly gowned women in the world, yet they are seldom the ones who originate any new style. It is the same in the realm of dress as it is in the spheres of science, literature and art; our European confreres sow the seed, and we reap the greatest harvest: they foster a thing in its germ and we cultivate it to its blossom. Eastern possibilities in the West become actualities; European ideas are supplemented by American ingenuity, and we have as a result an evolution that never fails to be interesting.

In considerations of dress we find this tendency much in evidence by the fact that our seekers for style are still prone today, as they were a quarter of a century ago, to look to the Old World for their knowledge of what ought correctly to be worn and when. It is not an inconsiderable number of persons by

any means that are sent abroad each spring and fall, as representatives of our American couturieres, to discover in Paris or elsewhere, what promises to be considered a la mode during the coming season. Their search is indefatigable, and the rewards of their labor manifold. Their return to the homeland is accompanied by importations that gladden both the revenue collector and the devotee of fashion. Grafted on its new soil, the thing, whatever it may be, soon finds its development speedily augmented, and a state of crudity is in a short time superseded by perfection in every detail. And after evolution comes dissolution. A single style at its best is as fleeting as the clouds above, and the time that it requires to pass from our horizon is scarcely longer than the cloud itself requires. After its attractiveness has once begun to lessen we are not loath to speed the parting style, nor backward about welcoming the coming guest.

Garments designed by Jordan, Marsh & Co.; millinery by C. Lothrop Higgins.



Figure 1
Tight-Fitting Coat of Kersey, Trimmed with Persian Lamb

At this season of the year the latest importations are very materially in the line of fall coats and millinery. The coats that are to be considered a la mode for this autumn are in every case both made and trimmed simply. Although here and there a strap seam may be seen, yet they have lost the seal of approval. Fancy buttons have shared a similar fate. It would almost appear that the more recent dictums call for a severity in style that is really remarkable, considering to what extremes we have been treated in times past. Even the watteau effect coats, that were erstwhile decidedly the correct thing, are languishing now under the bane of incoming novelties. It is to be supposed, however, that they will still continue to possess a charm in the eyes of a slender woman. The jackets that bid fair to be most generally worn are in every instance tight-fitting ones, with sleeves of wonderfully decreased dimensions, although still large enough



Figure 4

All Black Melton with Persian Lamb



Figure 2

Coat and Cape Combined, of Electric Seal, Trimmed with Sable and Jet

to slip with ease over the new bodices.

A stylish coat made of the finest quality of kersey is that shown in Figure 1. It is tight-fitting, both front and back, trimmed with Persian lamb down centre of front, with strips of black braid on sides. A high flaring collar of ermine is trimmed also with Persian lamb. The jacket is lined throughout with fancy Dresden silk and has a fan back. The turban has a crown of black velvet and a brim of black Russian net. The trimmings are of black velvet, black aigrette, coque's feathers and a cut steel buckle.

Of capes there is this season a more perplexing variety than ever before. The richest, perhaps, are of Lyons velvet, brocaded, chameleon or plain, richly embroidered and covered over with heavy applique laces or made smart, shrouded in frills of mousseline de soie. Other effects are obtained by the use of heavy matelasse silk, face cloth, mink, Thibet lamb, sealskin, etc. There is



Figure 3

Cape of Light Kersey with Plaits, Welted Seams and Soutache Braid

certainly to be found in capes a general utility that is wanting in jackets of all descriptions. They can be worn over bodices or blouses which would be utterly ruined by a jacket, and would make the best cut coat appear clumsy and awkward. The new tight sleeves, with short, high puffs, are very stylish

and becoming, but most awkward with coats, and if these sleeves remain in fashion, capes and mantles, with cape sleeves will certainly have the preference over coats.

The cape—or rather the cape and coat combined—that is illustrated in Figure 2, is made of the finest quality

electric seal, handsomely trimmed with cut jet and lace and ribbon. It is made with epaulettes of sable over both shoulders, and has collar and cuffs



Figure 5

Loose-Front Kersey Jacket with Reefer effect

edged with the same material. A lining of brocaded satin and a fly-front also describe it. A garment with the empire effects thus results. The hat is a mushroom one of katydid green, with crown of shaded velvet and brim made of ostrich feathers of pale green and light golden brown. The trimming is of wings of the same color.

Another cape as displayed in Figure 3 is made of imported kersey, with large storm collar and trimmed with plaits both front and back. Weltd seams and soutache braid also add to the trimming. The head dress is a turban of golden brown, faced with old blue, and trimmed with bows of *ombrey* ribbon and mercury wings of brown.

Returning to jackets, another design that produces a decidedly natty effect is

the one exhibited in Figure 4. It is an all black Melton, trimmed with finest quality Persian lamb and corded silk. The collar is a wide flaring storm one, edged also with Persian lamb. Straps of Melton front and back together, with silk passementerie front and back, complete the decorations. The hat is a round one of black velvet, with gold embroidered crown trimmed with royal blue and moire ribbon, and surmounted by paradise feathers. Pleated chiffoned rosettes at the back add to the effect.

The last garment illustrated in this number of the magazine, Figure 5, is a loose front cloth jacket of kersey, with reefer effect and fan back. A flaring storm collar and cuffs at the sleeves give the neck and wrist finish. The coat is piped throughout with silk braid and lined with fancy Dresden. The hat is of Himalaya felt of neutral gray, edged with green velvet and trimmed with a gray sparrow and velvet twist in front and a bow of the same material in back.

Of the other stylish designs of autumn coats there is an inexhaustible store from which to choose. Black coats are, of course, always in vogue. These are made correctly out of what is known as dress serge, or out of a rough cloth, the latter in some cases having a short ripple. For jackets showing the wateau effects many of the tailors are using such light-weight fabrics as fine cashmere, henrietta cloth, serge or smooth cloth. It is often decidedly smart to have a skirt to match.

The double-breasted reefer coat, a most comfortable and sensible design, is again seen and liked, the only change being that it is a bit longer than it was three years ago. In a rough blue serge with facings of black velvet and large gutta-percha buttons the reefer model is very jaunty and well suited to the woman of slender figure. All coat sleeves, while they are full, stand out rather than up, and though the coat itself may be lined with less expensive



Figure 6

French Sailor Hat, Brim of Petunia Velvet, Crown of Green Chenille

Figure 7

Hat with Black Velvet Brim and Crown of Jet, Trimmings of Coral Roses, Ribbon and Foliage

Figure 8

Butterfly Toque of Black Velvet and Gold Crown, Trimmed with Osprey and Russian Nette

material, silk is almost invariably used for the sleeves, that they may be easy of assumption.

Long coats for travelling or bad weather wear have deep rippling capes attached and usually pointed hoods in addition, though these last are a matter of personal taste.

The Eton jacket in black velvet and with fancy buttons upon it—that is, either richly-cut steel ones or those glittering with Rhine-stones—is very much liked and really makes a toilette if worn with a handsome crepon or silk skirt. Hunter's green, heliotrope and sapphire blue velvet are also used for these little jackets, but when they are made of colored velvet, then, of course, the skirt worn must be in harmony.

Elegance and richness of garniture must stamp the velvet or satin coats, but the cloth one must be jaunty and look useful. Good style is its hallmark, and this is obtained by proper fit, material and design. Upon it there must be no buttonhole that does not close over its corresponding button; indeed, nothing without a use must appear upon it. The cloth jacket is the expression in a coat of usefulness; smartness is a desirable adjunct, but smartness without usefulness condemns it, according to the laws of Dame Fashion.

In the realm of things millinery the creators have been as active as in other branches of fashion invention. The French master hand is much in evidence in all of the importations. As of yore, the Parisian milliner or designer whips up an elaborate creation of a hat with as much art and with as little work as a good cook tosses off a cake batter

or beats the whites of eggs. It must all be done in a minute, with no doubt as to the result. Did you ever watch a clever designer build a model hat? He takes his long thread and needle, the straw hat already sewed after his own pattern, and tosses together a heap of stuff that forms a good scheme of color. He twists the ribbon and tulle deftly, and puts one stitch through it, another stitch fastens the tips, another the flowers, another the lace almost as it seems to fall from his hand. He snaps the thread, and after a short ten minutes the confection is done. He tosses it carelessly over a screen into the work-room to be lined, and turns to another mass of millinery stuffs for another inspiration. Oh, but I forgot one important item. He tries them on himself, and astonishingly becoming they always are.

In illustration 6 of the current issue is seen one of the very smartest outputs of the milliners' art. It is a French sailor of petunia velvet, with scarf of butter-colored lace, and flower clusters of shaded primulas and light green. The crown is of green chenille and iridescent insertion.

Representation No. 7 shows a round hat of the sailor type, with black velvet brim, shirred ruching of black moire silk, and crown of jet. The trimmings are a band of coral roses and a bow of coral moire ribbon and foliage.

Photograph No. 8 represents a butterfly toque of black velvet and gold crown in butterfly form. The side is trimmed with fancy osprey of white feathers and black ostrich tips. For additional effect a bow of white Russian net is added.



Ouananiche or Land Locked Salmon

FAMOUS SPORTING GROUNDS OF THE NORTHEAST

BY FRED MATHER, H. L. GOODWIN AND A. CASAULT

THERE are certain regions in the northeastern corner of our country and in the adjoining tracts of Canadian land where Dame Nature, in her distribution of the wherewithal to satisfy the sportsman's craving, has been exceedingly lavish. She has made for herself wildernesses and waters where her feathered, finned and footed children might find for themselves a hidden playground, yet notwithstanding her tender solicitude, her greatest and most unruly child, man, has invaded all her efforts at seclusion and has, as usual, asserted his sovereignty. With the opening of every season that interludes our winters he hies himself hence and carries on his ruthless warfare with rod and gun. He finds for his pleasure spots where woods, lakes, and streams for scores of miles are as primeval as the day of their creation, and in their haunts he discovers the wild animals, the birds, and the fishes, for the extinction of whom his finger so trembles on the reel or the trigger. It is sport royal he pur-

sues; game as noble and lordly as was ever hooked or shot at the world over. He does not ask for the whale of the deep sea nor the tiger of the jungles; these are big game, to be sure, but it is doubtful if the killing of them requires any more subtlety of methods or yields any keener satisfaction in results than is afforded in the pursuit or capture of an ouananiche, a "four-pounder" trout, or a twelve-hundred-weight moose.

And so every year, remote from our centres of civilization, the true sportsman follows his guide through stretches of woods and across sheets of water, intent upon securing conjointly recreation and game. In his search for both of these, combined in the happiest of mixtures, he has found, at least in the East, no grander grounds for his slaughter pro tem than the Adirondack, the Maine, and the Lake St. John regions.

THE ADIRONDACKS

In that wonderful country, large as the State of Connecticut, which covers most of the northern portion of New

York, is found an elevated region of lakes and mountains, forming a great game preserve and health resort which, by reason of its being unfit for agriculture, must ever remain a place set apart by Nature for the home of the trout, the grouse, and the deer, as well as other game. The soil, climate, and topography unite in rendering this vast tract uninhabitable except to the hardy trappers and lumbermen in winter and to the summer tourists, sportsmen and those who cater to them, in season. Mount Marcy, at an elevation of 5379 feet, overtops all the other peaks, but everywhere are giant hills stretching their weather-scarred tops toward heaven, while a cluster of them encircle a gem of a lake which lies quiescent among them like a bit of fallen sky, a pure mirror which shows each passing cloud, in storm or in sunshine.

The scenery which always accompanies a rugged mountain region is here enhanced by the mode of travel. It is true that parts of this enchanting region have been invaded by the puffing, screaming railroad, and the demands of travel have caused small steamers to be built on some of the lakes where the rush of tourists is greatest toward the fashionable resorts, yet outside of these well-beaten routes the only way to travel in this paradise of ozone, scenery, and game, is by means of the lakes and their intermediate "carries."

Entering the Adirondacks from the east, the most rugged scenery will be found in that great collection of high mountains by which Mt. Marcy is surrounded. Here is Avalanche Lake, its glassy waters lying nearly three thousand feet above tide water, and its perpendicular walls of black rock frowning at each other only a few rods apart throughout its length; an imprisoned mountain torrent held in its mad leap by one of those awful descents of mountain tops which gave the lake its name. Nearby is Lake Colden, the home of the Adirondack Club, one of the numerous

clubs which by reason of their building houses and protecting their surroundings from forest fires during the camping season are allowed the privilege of building permanent camps on lands belonging to the State. Such small clubs, consisting of from ten to twenty members, exist throughout the Adirondacks. "The Adirondack Mountains," as the collection of giant peaks on the eastern side is called, is the wildest part of the region.

West and north of this group of mountains the whole country is mountainous, but the peaks are farther apart, and in consequence the lakes are larger, but there is such a profusion of lakes, ponds, and streams that any portion of the wilderness can be reached with boat and guide. The carries, as the portages between the lakes are called, vary in length from a few rods to two or three miles, and they also differ in their character, as over hill or through valley. Arriving at one of these, which is rarely seen until the guide paddles into it and the path is disclosed, everything is piled on shore. The guide fastens his oars in the boat, lashes the neck-yoke to it, inverts it, and placing his neck in the yoke starts off with his seventy or eighty-pound boat upturned on his shoulders, the bow elevated and the stern almost touching the ground. If the tourist wishes to help he takes some of the luggage and saves time; if not, the guide will return and bring all. He is usually indifferent about this, his time being paid for.

A feature of many of the hotels is the "open camp," where guests have all the advantages of camp life, with meals at table. Some hostelries have a dozen of these places where each party can pass the day and night, with outside campfire and comfortable sleeping quarters, free from intrusion. The State laws permit trout fishing from April 15th to September 1st, and most of the lakes contain either brook or lake trout, or both. Others contain pike, black bass, sunfish,



Adirondack Club Camp, Lake Collden

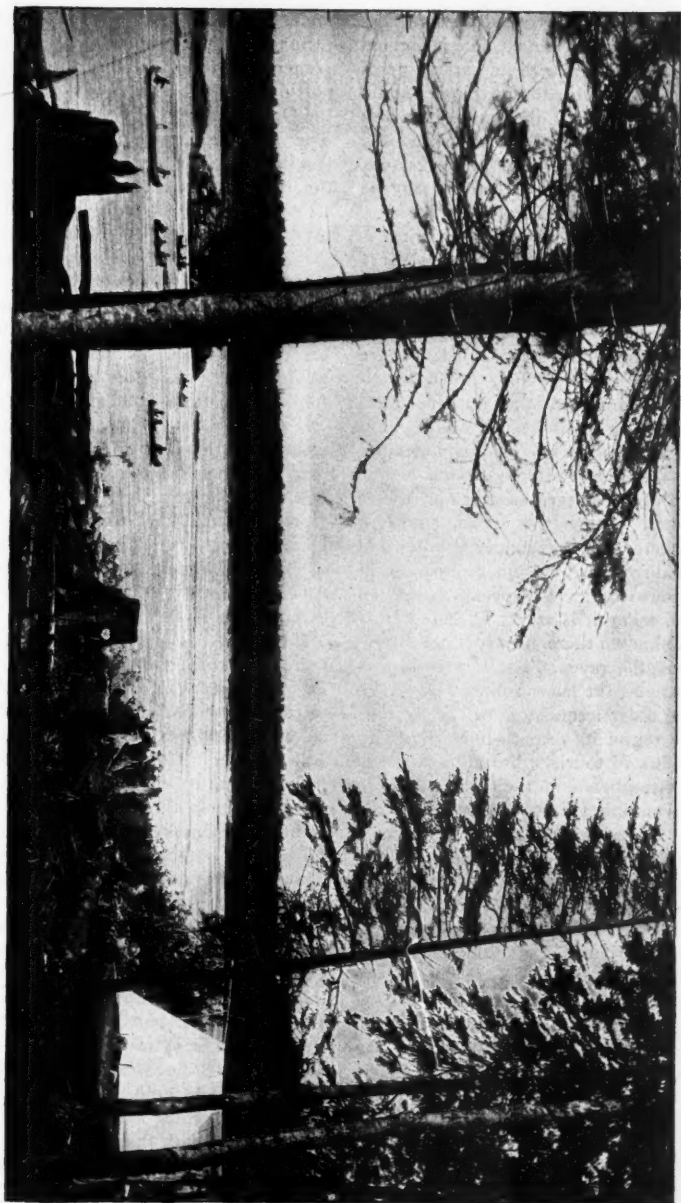
and suckers. The yellow perch is not found here, although abundant in the waters of the lower region bordering the Adirondacks. Deer may be legally killed from the 15th of August to the 31st of October. They are found throughout the region, but are the most plentiful in the northern and western portions, especially in those parts which are not so easy of access to the tourist, such as Tupper, Cranberry, and Smith's Lakes, on the west side, and about Meacham on the north. Most of the lakes contain brook trout, the exceptions being: Metcalf and T Lakes, tributaries of West Canada Creek; Spectacle, Dexter, Spy, Oxbow, Coal, Scuts, Willis, Murphy, Warner, Remsen, and Bug Lakes; Long, Tamarac, and Chub Ponds. All other ponds and lakes are believed to contain them in more or less numbers. Lake trout are found only where the water is very cold and the depth is over forty feet. Black bass of the small-mouthed species were not indigenous to any of the waters, but were planted in an inlet of Raquette Lake and have spread to Forked, Sucker, the Blue Mountain chain, the Fulton chain, and White Lakes; also to Moose and Black Rivers. Pike were planted in some waters in 1842 and are now found in Long, Spectacle, Dexter, Willis, Murphy, Gates, Tupper, and Meacham Lakes; Indian Lake and river and the Raquette and Sacandaga Rivers.

Very few sportsmen or tourists camp out in the Adirondacks today. The many hotels and so-called "camps" invite to a luxurious ease which the majority prefer to the canvas tent or the bark shanty. The word "camp" is a most elastic term in the Adirondacks. It may mean anything from a log fire in the woods, a small hotel or the log dwelling of a guide, to one of those splendid private villas which have cost a hundred thousand dollars. In fact, every place where men stop in these great woods, with the exception of the large hotels, where evening dress is

worn at dinner, is called a camp. Most of the smaller hotels have several "camps," where parties, large or small, are protected from the weather in long, low log structures, usually covered with bark, which are open on one side, where a huge log fire gives light and heat to the party. Hemlock boughs covered with blankets make a soft and fragrant bed, and at night music, mirth, and song enliven the early hours.

Except during June insect pests are not numerous. During that month the little "black fly" is, in places, too numerous for comfort, but it stops to rest all night, a fact to be thankful for. The mosquito of the Adirondacks is not frequent, and is a feeble and degenerate relative of those found in lower countries. In June the tourist must lay in a stock of tar and sweet oil, or some of the ointments flavored with odors agreeable to man, but repulsive to the black fly, an insect that comes in swarms and has no fear. Yet in a light breeze this pest is helpless; it has no keel and must drift with the wind.

A peculiarity of this land of mountains and lakes is that no matter by which point of the compass it is entered one can traverse it in any direction by boat and come out at any of the "gateways" by water. Seated in the stern of the light craft, the traveller sees new combinations of grand scenery at every mile, while, if he is a silent, observing man, he will take a light pack and start ahead of the guide while he is getting his boat ready to be put upon his shoulders. Then, with a whirr, the ruffed grouse starts at his feet, or if the season is early she affects a lameness that tempts him to follow and try to capture her until she has led him far from her brood, when, with a sudden start, she is lost among the trees, to return and gather her chicks when danger is past. There is a porcupine waddling in the path, slowly getting out of the way, conscious that his quill will trouble any living thing that touches him. Here



The Grand Discharge, Lake St. John, Province Quebec

is where a deer crossed more or less recently, and as the next lake is sighted off goes a bittern with its harsh note of alarm. None of these things would have been seen if the guide had preceded you with his boat, touching the twigs and creaking on the neck-yoke, and again half a dozen carries may be crossed and not a living thing be seen. Yet the pleasure of looking for them is a treat to those who love to observe wild life in its haunts.

The thing which most impresses one on a first visit to a wilderness is its silence. The woods near civilization are vocal with song of robin, thrush, black-bird and a hundred other feathered minstrels. Here the weird call of the white-throated sparrow occasionally emphasizes the silence of the woods or the boom of the bittern startles him in the marshes. Even the crows, so noisy elsewhere, are comparatively silent in the Adirondacks. A quarter of a century ago the raven's croak was often heard, today it is rare. Then the crow was unknown there, now it is rapidly replacing the raven. The former bird is gregarious, the latter solitary.

The older frequenters of the Adirondacks regret its recent popularity, with its influx of tourists, bringing railroads and steamboats in their train and so over-running the country that Wall-street tickers are heard in some places where the wolf once howled. One of these early sportsmen was heard to say a few years after Murray wrote his "Adirondacks," "Confound him! He has sent a lot of invalids up in this land who ought to be at home. Between the dudes and the coughing of the consumptives the bears have been scared out of the woods." Over most of the region the old-time guide, if he lives, has been ruined for the use of the old-time visitor, who did not go there for his health nor to meet the butterflies of fashion. He went to leave all trace of civilization as far behind him as possible and to try to revert to the conditions

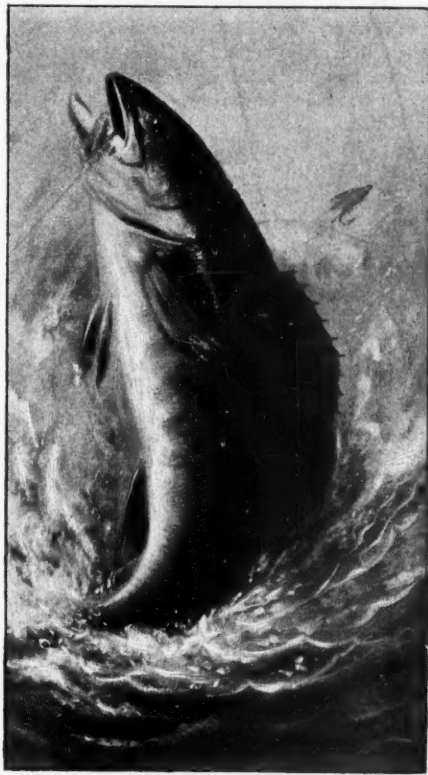
under which his savage ancestors lived.

Some of the grandest Adirondack scenery is found in the northeastern portion; on the branches of the Ausable, the Opalescent and at Chateaugay Falls. The Ausable Chasm is well worth a special trip. The perpendicular sides of this rocky gorge, evidently rent asunder by some mighty convulsion of nature, giving only a glimpse of a thread of sky above as one is paddled along, seem to threaten to come together and imprison the traveller, who is so bold as to penetrate into this region, which a more superstitious people would have populated with all imaginable forms of genii. Looking up from table rock upon the vast cleft rock one is impressed with the littleness of man and of the giant power that could rend a mountain as this has been rent. The "Devil's Oven," the Horseshoe and Rainbow Falls, Stalactite Cave, Smugglers' Pass, Pulpit Rock, the Grand Flume and other features of Ausable Chasm are things to be remembered.

Entering the woods from the west, there are inviting journeys through the Fulton chain of lakes, with excursions to Big Moose and Panther Lakes, where either furnished camps or bark shanties will be found. If fish and game are the object of the trip, then work off to the north and west, through Raquette Lake and over to Cranberry, in the southeastern portion of St. Lawrence County. This region is not over-run by tourists because of the long carries and the difficulty of reaching it, and this makes it the mecca of the sportsman, to whom a carry of three or four miles is nothing if there be deer and trout at the end. The guides in this part have not been spoiled by the extravagant "tips" with which wealthy loungers, who smooth their paths with gold, have demoralized the guides in some parts. They are, as a rule, content with their pay and do not expect much more; a few flies, a waterproof line or a landing-net left with them after a week's service is gratefully

received, and he hopes to meet his patron another year. Men, however, with surplus wealth will too often give them fancy prices, retain them in waiting for their arrival, and so spoil them for men of more moderate means. For this the guide is not to be blamed. He is merely a man.

Albany, N. Y., and there is always venison in camp, even if ambitious newspaper reporters do not always get the details of the hunt. Dr. Ward's private camp is not so pretentious as those of wealthier men, but it is not known that the President ever declined its hospitality.



The Struggle

"The Plains," near Cranberry Inlet, is a central point from which Tupper's and the Saranacs can be reached. Deer and trout are abundant and the trout are of large size. Off to the east and north of Cranberry Lake are the Saranacs, the favorite deer-hunting grounds of President Cleveland, who goes there as the guest of Dr. Samuel B. Ward, of

On the south there are many "gateways." One can enter the Adirondacks from the New York Central railroad, anywhere from Fonda on the east to Utica on the west. As "all roads lead to Rome," so all the water ways of the great Adirondacks either lead to, or connect by carriers with Raquette Lake. Just as Mount Marcy, or, to use its

older and better name, Tahawus, is the centre of the Adirondack mountains, so is Raquette its lake centre.

The surveys of Colvin, during the past twenty years, have opened up new routes through heretofore unknown lakes and portages, and the maps of Stoddard render it easy for the sportsman or tourist to know not only the position and shape of every lake and pond, the points where the carries begin and end, but also give him the actual length of each piece of water and of the carry which separates them.

These things render travel in the Adirondacks a pleasure and make the tourist independent of his guide in the matter of routes, hotels, camps and distances, freeing him from consultations and giving him leisure for the contemplation of some of the grandest of nature's works.

THE MAINE WOODS

To the lover of angling in any or all of its many popular varieties, the State of Maine affords opportunities for indulgence in his favorite sport, which cannot be equalled in the eastern portion of the United States, at least.

The southern and interior sections of the State are dotted with peaceful villages and thrifty farms, but the northern half of Maine is a vast forest, seven times larger than the famous "Black Forest" of Germany, and covering an area of about 9,000,000 acres, approximately one-half the area of the entire State. Hidden within the cool and shady forests are nearly 2000 lakes and ponds of all sizes and shapes.

Maine cannot be called a mountainous State, still its surface is broken by hills of considerable size, and in some parts it is quite uneven. Mt. Katahdin, the highest peak, an isolated mountain between the two branches of the Penobscot River, in the heart of the lake region, is 5248 feet high, and about 1000 feet above sea level.

Landlocked salmon and brook trout are common in the lakes in all parts of

the State, in some places growing to a weight of ten pounds, and occasionally more than that. Lake trout grow much larger than that. The largest lake trout or trout of any kind ever captured in Maine was caught in Long Lake, near Caribou, in June just past. The trout was 39 inches long, and weighed 33½ pounds. It is probable that a larger trout was never landed in this country.

Other fresh water fish captured in the waters of Maine in large numbers are the sea salmon of the Penobscot, black bass, white perch, pickerel, and numberless varieties that are considered of no value.

Though there is scarcely a town in the State that cannot boast of good fishing of some sort, the wilderness of the north is where the city anglers spend their vacation days, and where each year a little better record than that of the previous season is made. There are probably two hundred hotels and camps located in the northern forests, and on lake shore, which are almost entirely patronized by devotees of rod and gun. There are also probably half a thousand reliable guides whose living is made by fishing, hunting and guiding those unacquainted with the wilderness, any one of whom may be relied upon to serve the visitor faithfully and well, at prices limited to the means of the party served. Some few of the camp proprietors are able to and do guarantee good trout fishing every day in the season, or no pay for accommodations, and back up their guarantee to the letter.

The largest and best known of all the Maine lakes, which enjoys the title of "Queen of the Lakes," is Moosehead, one of the best known bodies of water in the world. Moosehead Lake lies in the far northwestern part of the State, on the border of the great forests, at the head of the Kennebec River, 1023 feet above sea level, and 150 miles from the coast. Moosehead Lake is 40 miles long and varies in width from 18 to less than

two miles. Half way up the lake, near its narrowest point, is Mt. Kineo, "The Monarch of Moosehead," mounted in a point like a sentinel at his post, a guard for the whole region.

The Mt. Kineo House, the largest and best hotel in the entire Maine lake region, stands at the very base of the mountain, occupying a site on the border of the lake, where it commands a

called, is comparatively new territory to the fisherman, having first been made easy of access by railroad extension a few years ago. This is an immense territory, including the whole of northern Aroostook County, though but a small portion of it has yet been opened by rail. Portage Lake, in the extreme north, affords some of the best fishing in Maine, and from the fact that it has been fished but very little, is very attractive to sportsmen.

In the vicinity of Mt. Katahdin are

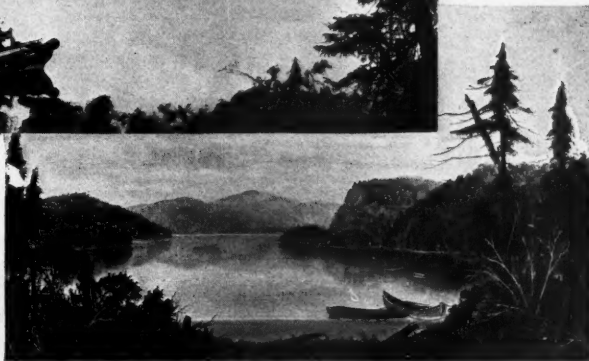


Lake Edward, Quebec

clear view of Moosehead waters for twenty miles around. The trout in Moosehead Lake are only equalled in size and flavor by the famous catches in the Rangeley region. Moosehead Inn at Greenville, near the outlet of Moosehead Lake, is another justly popular hotel for anglers.

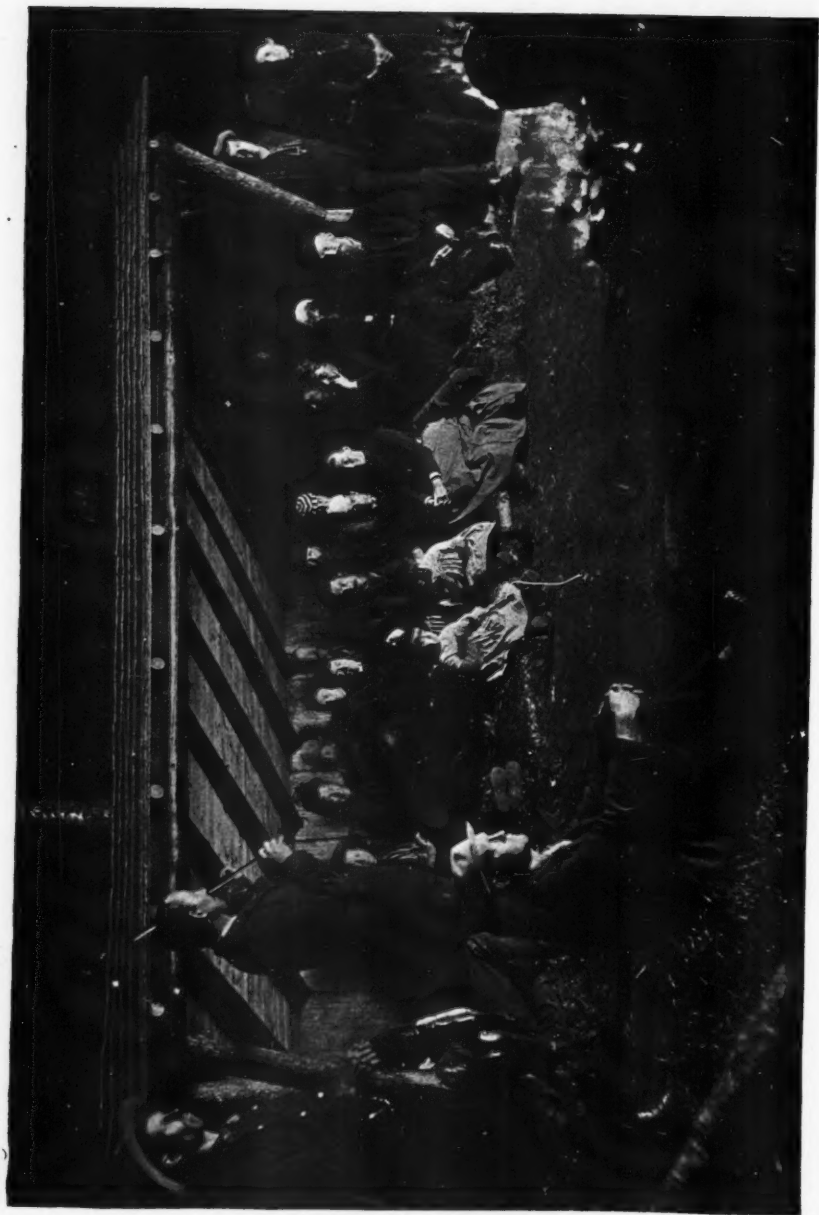
Katahdin lies at the northeastern border of Piscataquis County, between the Moosehead and the Aroostook River regions, and is itself surrounded by lakes and streams, which afford no mean sport for the angler.

The Aroostook River region, or the "New Northeast," as it is frequently



Petit Batiscon, Quebec

Schoodic Lake, Seboois Lake, Twin Lakes, Millinocket Lake, and numerous ponds and streams, all of which are alive with trout, anxious to take the fly or worm. Typical log camps, which, however, are supplied with all necessary conveniences for comfortable living, are located on the shore of all these lakes, and a hearty welcome and a good meal are always awaiting the new arrival. The Katahdin region is the best localities in Maine where deer are found in



Open Camp at Night, Raquette Lake Hotel

great numbers and moose are occasionally seen.

Nicatous Lake, at the head of the Passadumkeag River, is a famous resort, and the home of mammoth trout, and smaller fish as well. Here are located the sporting camps of the famous "Jock" Darling, game warden, a former notorious poacher, long hunted by officers, but now reformed.

Who is there that never heard of the Rangeley Lakes and the Dead River region? Certainly there can be but few lovers of trout and salmon fishing in this broad land who are not familiar with the names at least of these famous fishing grounds, where more great trout and salmon are taken than anywhere else in the world.

The Rangeley chain of lakes lie in the northern part of Franklin and Oxford counties, and are five in number, Rangeley, Mooselookmeguntic, Cup-suptic, Mollechunkamunk (upper Richardson), and Welokenebacook (lower Richardson), all Indian names, and one or two not easily pronounced by the novice. To sportsmen, particularly the angler, there is no region where phenomenally large fish are taken in so great numbers and amid such comfortable quarters as can be found around this wonderful chain of lakes, at the camps and hotels.

The length of the complete Rangeley chain of lakes is about 60 miles, and Mooselookmeguntic Lake is in all respects the largest of the five lakes, its length being about 18 miles. For a number of years more large fish have been taken from Mooselookmeguntic than all the other lakes combined, and here the best fishing is always looked for, though there are fish enough in them all.

The Rangeley Lakes are surrounded on all sides by a hilly country, and by green forests, full of life and health and beauty. The grandeur of the scenery is beyond describing, but is certainly well worth beholding.

This season 25 or more trout and land-locked salmon weighing eight pounds and over have been taken from the Rangeley Lakes, and the fish under that size, which have been caught, will number thousands.

As for large game, the following figures from the Aroostook region will give some idea of the hunters' work: In the months of October, November and December of 1895, there were killed and shipped from these sections, by visiting sportsmen alone, 1581 deer, 112 moose, and 130 caribou. For the same months in 1894 there were killed and shipped by visiting sportsmen 1001 deer, 45 moose, and 50 caribou. The difference in these totals from year to year fairly well represents the proportion of increase of visitors in 1895 over 1894. This record does not include the great number of deer killed by native hunters, nor those consumed in camps and local communities.

Rangeley village is really the threshold of the fish and game region, passing which one reaches Indian Rock, The Birches, Camp Bemis, Pleasant Island, Anglers' Retreat, Lower, Middle and Upper Dams, the Megalloway River, Parmacheene and Kennebecago, all noted for their excellent fishing.

The Dead River region, not far east of Rangeley, though now situated for the most part in the "burnt lands," is full of lakes and streams, which are in turn full of trout. In this territory are the famous King and Bartlett and Spencer Stream camps, Kibby and Camp Jack, Blakesley Pond, Deer Pond, Round Mountain Lake, Chain of Ponds, Tim Pond and the Seven Ponds, and the famous preserve of the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation, of which Mr. Arthur W. Robinson, one of the best known of Boston sportsmen, is president. The Megantic preserve is a leased territory of 250 square miles, the larger part of which is in Maine, the remainder being across the Canadian border. The preserve contains three

lakes, twenty ponds, six rivers, eight smaller streams and eight bogs. The club owns a large clubhouse, 29 camps and a fish hatchery. The 298 members of the Megantic club and their friends find all the good fishing and hunting they want, with plenty to spare, on the preserve.

Nearly every lake and pond of any size in Maine is provided with one or more steamers, and the facilities for travel throughout the forest regions are much better than would naturally be expected in such a wilderness, and a trip into the heart of the forest does not mean any very great hardships if one is careful not to get lost in the woods.

The fish and game commissioners are enforcing the stringent fish laws, and the lakes are being stocked every season, so that instead of being on the decrease, both trout and land-locked salmon are rapidly increasing both in size and in numbers.

THE CANADIAN GROUNDS ABOUT THE LAKE ST. JOHN REGION

The tourist on landing at Quebec is struck with the beauty and grandeur of the panorama which stretches away to the north of the quaint old city. The undulating valley rises gently and evenly to the foot of the superb Laurentian mountains, Canada's Adirondacks and the sportsmen's Paradise.

The cold blue summits of the Laurentides, striking boldly against the northern sky, mark the southern boundaries of the warrior-king of all inland fishes, the lordly Ouananiche. He dwells by the side of Lake Pikonagami, the mighty Lake St. John, in the rushing, foaming waters, at the foot of boiling rapids and in the whirlpools below roaring falls, where he awaits defiantly the challenge of the angler. It has the same propensities wherever found; big or small, it will show fight and will be game to the last.

Among the most famous fishing resorts of this region, Batiscan River de-

serves special attention. It is a succession, for the most part, of wild, leaping cascades and dashing, foaming rapids.

Trout fishing in this river is excellent, as all the lakes that are drained into it are stocked with speckled trout, the true *Salmo Fontinalis*.

Good sport is enjoyed from the river banks, in the shadow of sombre rocks; the trout rises greedily to almost any fly. Four or five pounders are caught here frequently.

The Batiscan Lakes, which drain into the river of that name, are famous spots for the large and gamey fishes caught in their waters. Voracious trout are caught in the lily-pads about the lake and in the pools formed by small streams of cold spring water running from the mountain sides.

The largest body of water between the St. Lawrence and Lake St. John is Lake Edward. It is situated at a distance of 113 miles from Quebec. Its length is twenty miles. This great sheet of water is studded all over with lovely green isles. The scenery around Lake Edward is truly majestic. High peaks rear their summits above the surrounding mountains, and are reflected in the mirrored lake below. Stupendous mountain sides edge the border of this splendid sheet of water. The countless islands which stud the bosom of the lake forms a labyrinth of channels where the best Indian guides lose their way. It was on one of these islands that Kit Clark founded his Fin and Feather Club. This island is named *Isle du Paradis*. Among the members of this club are President Cleveland, Judge Henry Gildersleeve, Dr. Duncan, ex-Mayor Grant of New York, Dr. E. Lewis and others.

In the hot summer months the trout will not always rise to a fly; trolling or still fishing must be resorted to, but some fishermen will rise the trout anywhere along shore, in the cool, dark pools under shady rocks. The minnow appears to be the best bait in hot sum-

mer days, but capital sport can be got with the Parmachenee belle, the silver doctor and the professor flies.

A few miles north of Lake Edward is the Triton Fish and Game Club. It lies in the heart of the mountains, and the lakes and streams from which fish are taken are at heights varying from twelve to sixteen hundred feet above the sea level, while the game roams many hundred feet higher. This club controls about 500 miles of virgin wilderness,—the home of the caribou, moose, and bear.

Thirteen miles beyond Lake Edward are the Laurentian Heights of Land, and the streams now flow northward, in the direction of Lake St. John, instead of southward, toward the St. Lawrence, as did those on the other side of the watershed. The summit is about 1700 feet above the St. Lawrence and 1300 feet above the level of Lake St. John. This is the home of the ouananiche, the land-locked salmon. Some twenty rivers feed this immense lake, and some of these are hundreds of miles long, all swarming with touradi, or gray trout. The inland sea formed by these waters has a circumference of about eighty-five miles, and is circular in shape and measures twenty-eight miles from shore to shore. Robernal is the headquarters of sportsmen in this region. American enterprise has erected here, on a charming site, a first-class hotel, which is really a wonder in this wild out-of-the-way place.

Straight across the lake from Robernal is the outlet of this splendid inland sea. It is called the Grand Discharge. Another outlet, the Little Discharge, runs parallel to the first, and both effect their junction beyond Alma Island. This is the source of the famous Saguenay River.

French and Indian voyageurs will paddle sportsmen in their frail birch canoes to the fighting grounds of the "silver mailed" warrior, through the rushing, whirling, seething rapids of the

Discharge to the edge of scum-covered eddies, where the ravenous ouananiche lies in ambush below. In proportion to his weight he can do more tackle smashing, pound for pound, than any fish that swims. His leaps are prodigious. His somersaults and aerial contortions when hooked leave the angler no leisure while the struggle is in progress. A five-pound ouananiche will leap four or five feet in the air, and this a dozen times in succession, all the while shaking his head with the fierceness of an enraged tiger.

Among the wooded bluffs of the Laurentides, on the plateaus where mountain freshets are formed into lakes, the restless caribou roams in the deep solitude, the absolute monarch of an undisputed kingdom. He can be seen sometimes down the mountain side chewing away the moss from a fir tree and keeping a sharp lookout for its dreaded enemy—man. The caribou has no home; it roves in endless procession the trackless wilderness over a distance of 1000 miles, and its breed seems to increase from year to year.

When hoary frost and the first snow of winter cover the earth war is declared to this meek denizen of the forest. Sportsmen then go north, and in the primitive log camps, in the solitude of the mountains, they plan incursions upon these inoffensive monarchs. Indian guides know and understand the caribou as though they had been reared together. They can tell his age and size and other particulars by its hoof-prints in the snow. Hunters look for this game where fir, spruce and birch grow, for the caribou feeds on the moss lichen and the bark of these trees. Sometimes droves of ten to fifteen are met with, and it is a sight to see them fly away when they have smelled the presence of their common foe in the vicinity.

The Canadian moose is often met with on our hunting grounds; but it is much rarer than the caribou

THE FALSEHOOD OF SOLOMON CRALEY

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT

"Mary!"

The girl turned.

The old man stood in the low doorway. There was a look upon his face which caused the girl to move quickly towards him. The wrinkled hands were trembling, the lips quivered, but the faded blue eyes were all aglow with a wonderful radiance.

"Grandfather, what is it?" she asked.

"Mary," he replied, his voice broken with emotion, "it is finished."

"Finished?"

The girl drew a long breath. Then she put her arms about the bent form of the old man, and, hiding her face upon his breast, burst into tears. He lifted his tremulous wrinkled hand and laid it gently upon her brown head.

"Mary, child, I believe that I cried a bit when I knew that at last 'twas all finished," he said. "But they was tears of joy. I wish that them that's gone befo', Marthy, and your pa and ma, was here today," and he sighed softly. "But, now then, dry your eyes, child, and go and tell Solomon."

Mary lifted her head and wiped away her tears.

"Yes, grandfather, I'll go at once," she said.

"Solomon, he'll be glad," murmured the old man, as the girl took her sun-bonnet from its peg on the wall and passed out.

The air was laden with all the ripened mellow scents of autumn. The arbor by the kitchen door was strewn with richly colored autumn leaves. After she passed out of the little gate the girl walked more slowly.

"I cannot realize that it is finished at last," she murmured.

Ever since she could remember her

grandfather had been at work upon a model, invented by himself, of a new kind of reaper. Day after day the old man had sat in the little bare room, off the kitchen, his nervous hands busy with little blocks of wood and pieces of tin. The people around called the old man crazy, all save one, Solomon Craley, who, for fifty years, had been neighbor and friend to John Maphis.

It was hardly ten minutes' walk from Mary's home to the adjoining farm of Solomon Craley. The latter was in the field, helping the hired men to cut corn. He was sturdy and strong, notwithstanding his age. Mary paused at the fence and called to him.

"Grandfather sent me to tell you," said Mary, as he came up to the fence, "that it is done finished at last."

"You don't say, now!" exclaimed Solomon Craley, excitedly.

It was unnecessary to be more explicit. There was but one thing waiting completion at the hands of John Maphis; over which those hands had labored for thirty long years.

"I think as grandfather would like to see you," said Mary. "One of the first things he said, after tellin' me, was—go and tell Solomon."

"Ay, ay," said Solomon; "John knows there ain't nobody in the world as will rejoice with him like his old friend, Solomon Craley. I'll jest go right back with ye."

"You'll find grandfather in his work-room," Mary said, when she and Solomon entered the farmhouse kitchen.

Solomon softly opened the door of the little room off the kitchen. On the threshold he paused. John sat before the rough deal table upon which rested the small wooden model. The white

head was bent over it, the tremulous wrinkled hands were clasped together as though in prayer.

Solomon stood for a few moments motionless and silent, his rugged, sun-browned face all aquiver with tenderness and a something like awe. Then he moved forward, saying softly:

"John."

The latter started and turned. The dreamy look in his eyes changed to one of pleasure and welcome. He rose to his feet; Solomon noticed how feeble and weak he seemed. He put out both hands towards Solomon.

"I know that you are glad, Solomon," he murmured.

A little later the two old men entered the kitchen.

"Mary," said John, his voice trembling with excitement, "Solomon is a-goin' right away to Washington city to git the patent."

"Yes," said Solomon, "I be goin' to Washington city to get a patent on this here reaper of John's. I knows a bit more about sich things than John here. I'll start tomorrow."

"And—and about when do you reckon on bein' back, Solomon?" asked John, his eyes fixed anxiously upon Solomon's face. "I'll jest want to know mightily whether you was able to git the patent or not."

"I don't reckon on bein' gone more than four or five days," replied Solomon. "And don't you be a-worryin' of yourself, John; it'll be all right about that there patent. I've got the name of one of them there patent lawyers, and he'll jest fix it all. It'll cost some money, but that ain't nothin' when you consider of the money that there reaper'll bring in later."

"Ay, thirty long years I was a perfectin' of it, Solomon," murmured John. "I jest don't know how I would bear up under it if, arter all, them years was wasted."

A long tremulous sigh left his lips. Mary looked wistfully from her grand-

father's worn, pale old face to the brown rugged one of Solomon Craley. The latter patted his old friend soothingly upon the shoulder.

"There, there now, John, I done told you not to be a-frettin'," he said.

The next day Solomon Craley, a quaint figure in the old-fashioned clothes that had served him for Sunday best for the last twenty years, started for Washington.

Five days later he returned. He looked pale and worn and tired as he alighted from the train. He returned mechanically the greetings of the town-people, some of whom were at the station, and seemed rather to shrink from having any conversation with them.

A neighbor of Solomon's stepped forward and stopped him.

"Solomon," he said, "do you know that your old friend, John Maphis, be a-dyin'?"

Solomon stopped and lifted his hand bewilderedly to his brow.

"What's that ye say, man?" he murmured, dazedly. "John a-dyin'?"

"Yes, he be a-dyin'," was the reply. "He was took down with paralysis the day arter you went away. The doctor said as there wasn't any hope from the first. I reckon you'd better step lively if you wants to see him alive."

Solomon did not "step very lively," but he walked slowly away, his head bowed on his breast. They looked after him curiously, some with sympathy and pity.

"I reckon it'll go right hard with Solomon," said the man who had imparted the news. "Him and old John Maphis has been friends this many a long year."

A strange brooding silence seemed to hang over the low yellow farmhouse as Solomon pushed open the little white gate and entered the yard. He passed into the kitchen. There was no one there. Solomon put down his old-fashioned carpetbag, then walked slowly

through the kitchen and pushed open the door of John's bedroom in the little hall outside.

The room seemed full of people. Solomon glanced slowly around at them all,—Mary, pale and red-eyed, the minister, the doctor and several neighbors. Then his eyes wandered to the bed and rested upon the motionless form stretched there, the white face among the pillows. He moved slowly forward and stood beside the bed.

"John," he murmured, laying his hand upon the still one outside the coverlet, "you ain't a-goin' without givin' me one word, one look, are ye?"

The dying man turned his head and into the dimming eyes there sprung a sudden light. No one but Solomon, the man who had been his friend for fifty long years, understood the question those dying eyes asked. That mute, passionate question.

Solomon Craley leaned forward.

"It's all right, John," he said. "It's all right, man. They all said as it was a grand idee and there ain't no trouble in the world about gittin' the patent."

A smile quivered over the white face; then the light went out from the eyes resting upon Solomon's face and John Maphis was dead.

"It's all over," said the doctor, and Mary fell upon her knees beside the bed and began to sob.

Solomon Craley followed the others from the room into the kitchen. The minister had taken up his hat, preparatory to departing, when Solomon stopped him with a gesture.

"Wait a bit, sir," he said, "there's somethin' as I want to say; say befo' ye all," looking slowly around from one face to the other.

Then he turned again towards the minister.

"Do you reckon that the Almighty Father'll forgive me the lie I jest done told to John?" he said, pointing towards the room where the dead lay and the living wept.

"What do you mean, Solomon?" asked the minister. "I do not understand you."

"I am a-goin' to tell ye all about it," said Solomon. "Friends and neighbors, ye all know that Solomon Craley ain't givin' to lyin'. But it was a lie I done told to him, to John. It warn't all right about that there patent. I couldn't git no patent on the reaper, for there'd been one almost 'zackly like it patented about five years ago. The lawyer said it often happened that two persons hit upon the same thing who had never seen or heard of each other. Well, I came back sad enough, I can tell ye, jest a-wonderin' how I was goin' to break the bad news to John. Ye all know how long he'd been a-workin' on that there reaper and how his heart was set on it. I found him a-dyin'. But when he looked at me with them dyin' eyes, with his soul a-questionin' of me, I jest couldn't tell him the truth, I jest felt a longin' to make that last dyin' moment of his'n happy, and—and I lied to him. He died happy, did John, but what's a-worryin' of me now is—will the good Lord hold that lie agin me?"

He paused. No one spoke, but Solomon Craley read no condemnation upon the faces about him as his sad eyes searched one after the other wistfully. Even the minister of God could find no words of censure for that untruth of Solomon Craley.

MARVELS OF MEMORY

BY GEORGE H. YOUNGMAN

AN old lady in a remote country district in Scotland was locally famous for the strength of her memory. She could on Monday repeat verbatim the sermon she had heard the day before.

A minister who had occupied the pulpit one Sunday, having heard the fame of this attentive hearer, called on her next day and put her memory to the test.

She stood it well, but during the delivery of his discourse the preacher had been annoyed by a restless canine that caused disturbance. Parenthetically he instructed the church officer to "put out that dog." The old lady with the retentive memory repeated the passage about the dog as if it had been an integral portion of the discourse.

An itinerant lecturer assured his audiences that he could teach the art of remembering everything; but some doubt was thrown on his assertion when he went away and forgot his umbrella!

The important part which the eye plays in memory must not mislead us as to the seat of the faculty, which is in the brain.

Persons born blind never have a true notion of light and colors, and never dream about them; but John Milton, having once seen a beautiful world, can describe it after he becomes blind, having the recollections stored in his brain.

What is the brain like in its capacity of storehouse? and what should we see if we could reduce our stature to infinitesimal proportions and travel along the corridors of the brain?

Does it contain galleries of pictures? Is it furnished with shelves and pigeon-holes for the classification and care of records and messages? It is impossible

to conceive what kind of apparatus or fittings can at once be suitable for storing up pictures and sounds and all varieties of impressions received from all the senses.

Nor can we discover any curious machinery, even with the microscope, for the structure of the gray matter is so minute as to defy the powers of the lens, and all that we can detect is an agglomeration of minute cells.

A calculation has been made regarding the number of these brain cells.

The cells vary in size from one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter to one three-thousandth, and this being known, it is not difficult to estimate the entire number of them in the brain.

Dr. Hooke, the mathematician, said 3,155,760,000; but according to Maynert's calculation the number of cerebral cells is only 600,000,000.

If all the cells were one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter there would be room for 27,000,000 of them in one cubic inch, and therefore for 3,618,000,000 in the whole; but since many of the cells are smaller, the total number must be greater. Let us, however, be content with the 3,618,000,000.

What is a million? The Bible, Old and New Testament together, is said to contain about three and a quarter millions of letters; we should, therefore, have to pile up 1113 copies of the scriptures to get a heap containing as many letters as the brain contains cells.

As each cell may accommodate one idea or thought, probably even a smaller storehouse would suffice for the wants of the average human creature. On the other hand, when great thinkers require more accommodation they may perhaps be able to grow more

brain cells; and Webster did tell a great American scholar that he had to change the size of his hat every few years.

The next question is, on what principle of arrangement our ideas are stored away. How are they grouped together?

Do all the scientific thoughts congregate in one region, all literary ideas in another, all notions of morals in a third? There is an admitted law of the association of ideas. It is common to say that in desultory conversation "one thing leads to another," and this is also true of our solitary musings; the thoughts ramble on, and we are very soon far away from our starting point.

If a man on getting up in the morning says to his wife, "My dear, I see the stable door is open—what was it our minister said on Sunday about the Sadduces?" the wife may not see the connection of thought. Yet, probably, there was a chain of ideas, and the links may have been the following: "Stable open—horse stolen—I'll track the thief by the impressions of the horse's hoofs printed on the soft soil—printed, a wonderful art; when Dr. Faust invented printing he was charged with having dealings with the devil—but the Sadduces can hardly have believed in a devil if they denied the existence of angels and spirits; and what was it our minister said on Sunday?"

To fix a thing in the mind we must get it linked on to something we know already. Hence, the more we know the easier it is to add to our knowledge; because so many old ideas stretch out their hands to take hold of the new ones and give them welcome.

Memories tend to fade.

Montaigne's memory was so bad that he thought he ought to be celebrated for its imperfection. At the same time he consoled himself with the reflection that, therefore, he never could venture to tell lies.

Dr. C. B. Ratcliffe tells us of a French

lady, who had lived in France until she reached her 16th year, and up to that time spoke only French. Then she came to England, and began to speak English.

When about 20 years of age, she married an American gentleman, and from that time, for about twenty years, she lived sometimes in America, sometimes in England, speaking English habitually and French scarcely ever.

When Dr. Ratcliffe saw her her mind was feeble, and that was all, but, about two years afterward, he found she had forgotten everything connected with her married life, her English not excepted; and if asked who she was and where she was, she gave her maiden name, and mentioned the street where she had lived in Paris when a girl.

Among those who have performed great feats of memory may be mentioned Dr. Fuller, author of the "Worthies of England." He could repeat another man's sermon after hearing it once, and could repeat 500 words in an unknown language after hearing them twice.

He one day undertook to walk from Temple Bar to the farthest end of Cheapside, and to repeat on his return every sign on either side of the way, in the order of their occurrence—and he did it easily.

In such feats as this the eye plays a chief part, yet blind people also have good memories. Rev. B. J. Johns, Chaplain to the blind asylum, London, testifies that a large number of pupils learned the Psalter, and that one young man was there who could repeat not only the whole of the 150 Prayer Book Psalms and a large number of metrical psalms and hymns, as well as a considerable amount of modern poetry, including Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," but the whole of Milton's "Paradise Lost," with marginal notes and a biography.

Lord Macaulay on one occasion re-

peated to himself the whole of "Paradise Lost" while crossing the Irish channel.

At another time, waiting in a Cambridge coffee house for a postchaise, he picked up a country newspaper containing two poetical pieces—one, the "Reflections of an Exile," and the other a "Parody on a Welsh Ballad"—looked them once through, never gave them a further thought for forty years, and then repeated them without the change of a single word.

Macaulay's mind, some one has said, was like a dredging net, which took up all that it encountered, both good and bad, nor ever seemed to feel the burden. Very much unlike a dredging net, and more like a strainer, are the minds of some other persons, who carefully select what they will retain or have a natural facility for remembering special classes of facts, George Bidder for figures, Sir W. Scott for verses, Mezzofanti for languages.

Sir W. Scott, quoting the old Borderer, who had no command of his memory, and only retained what hit his fancy, says that his own memory was of precisely the same kind; it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a fa-

vorite passage of poetry, a playhouse ditty, or, above all, a border-raid ballad, "but names, dates and other technicalities of history escaped me (he says) in a most melancholy degree."

There are a hundred different varieties of memory; and perhaps we cannot altogether choose which we will possess, though every sort, when we have the germs of it, may be cultivated.

The most useful memory is one which makes a discriminating selection, winnowing out the chaff; which stores up principles, typical facts and illustrative cases; which arranges its stores in methodical order, and is able to fetch out the right thing without hesitation.

To learn anything by heart the best plan is to read a sentence and repeat it without a book; then read the next sentence and repeat the two, and so on. Repetition is of great importance, "line upon line." More is learned and remembered by reading through one book twice than by reading two books once.

After a thing has been learned it must be recalled and gone over at intervals, or the impression will fade away. Dr. M. Granville says we should take out our ideas and dust them sometimes.





THE OLD MEERSCHAUM

Horse Car Conductor to intoxicated man — "You must throw away that cigar or leave the front end of the car."

Intoxicated individual's soliloquy after casting the cigar into the street — "I—I hat-ed ter throw that away, it's one I've smoked for years."

EVOLUTION OF THE FAMILY

BY ELLEN BATTELLE DIRTRICK

AMONGST the Primates two interesting pictures of pre-human family life are represented by the orang-outang and the chimpanzee. The former doubtless depicts in germ that state of primitive society which developed into what is called the matriarchal system, a system under which all the great nations of antiquity were evolved with the mother as head of her family. Travelers in the forest describe the orang-outangs as being almost invariably found in groups led by a female who is attended—and when necessary defended—by her sons and brothers or other young males of the tribe, evidently her subordinates. Family life, with masculine and feminine members, exists amongst the orang-outangs, but it is the matriarchal and not the patriarchal system. Primitive man's inheritance was not a patrimony, but a matrimony! a word which gradually lost its original significance. His city was a metropolis—the city of the mother. The cultured inhabitant of Egypt, learned in all the wisdom of Isis,—that great "I am" of the Nile—traced his ancestry back through a long line of glorious maternal ancestors; the names of his paternal progenitors were to him a matter of comparative indifference. "Why is it," muses the Greek of the succeeding patriarchal age, "that there are three names for the earth, and yet these three are all names of women?" As we now know, it was because of the primacy of women when humanity first began to apply names to the earth. Along this line, led and ruled by the mother, traveled that branch of the human race which established the great civilization of Egypt, Babylonia, India. These were civilizations which wor-

shipped a Great Mother, a Creatress of the world, a Generatress of mankind. Under a thousand names to this parent mankind lifted his first prayers. To her the ancient Acadian prayed, "May Bahu, the Great Mother, the Generatress of mankind, restore the blessing of health to the body." To this Great Mother he sang in praise:

"Thou art the mighty fortress of the mountains,
Thou art their mighty bolt, O my glory!"

And to this hymn of worship the temple choir of female and male singers responded for the divinity:

"As Queen of heaven above and earth below
May my glory be addressed;
My glory sweeps away the mountains."

She was not only the heavenly mother, who loved, pitied and protected her children. She was also the "Lady of Battles," who guided warriors to success.

Such was the outcome of the family life following the example of the queen bee and the orang-outang.

The chimpanzee, on the other hand, is, as it were, a case of arrested development of the monogamic family, a type which had appeared ages earlier amongst the birds, and in which equality of power and interest in the family is possessed by both parents. Together the male and female chimpanzee build their dwelling-place in the forked branches of a strong tree, Monsieur and Madame working together intelligently and carefully, walling it about and roofing it over to protect their offspring from the wind and rain, little villages of such huts being found in neighboring trees. On a sunny day the adults may

be seen lazily sitting on the grass, watching the gambols of the juveniles as they swing themselves from branch to branch in trapeze performance, chasing and pelting each other or catching at gnats and butterflies, as if there were no such thing as poverty and pessimism in existence.

The prototype of the patriarchal family is found in the brutal and polygamously gorilla, a family which elevates brute force above intelligence. It first appears in history in those savage and perpetually quarrelling tribes issuing from the Arabian desert,—the Semites, a jealous, sensuous race, which is late in attaining civilization, owing its literature and culture to the great monarchies evolved from the Matriarchate. In the contact of the savage Semites with Egypt, Babylonia and India (the latter not occurring until the eleventh century of our era) began a duel between the sexes, a struggle in which man sought to subordinate woman in the family,—a mushroom stage of human experience whose longest duration is scarce more than 2500 years, and in whose declining days we are living, the modern friendly compact between husband and wife, recognizing two heads in council, now gradually displacing the notion of "*Baron et feme*—the master and his woman," as expressed in the old Gaulish law phrase quoted by Blackstone.

Man played a very insignificant part in the family in every branch of the human race until long after women ceased to act as warriors. While part of the female sex, as Amazons, represented the whole in battle, there was no chance for man, purely as man, to attain superiority either in home, church or State so long as the ruling power was militant. The Amazons were not only magnificent warriors, but superb huntresses, and in times of peace they ruled as priestesses and judges. The star of man, in a still warlike period, rose only as woman became too refined and

civilized to fight. Sarah commands and is obeyed by Abraham in an age when a Deborah acts as commander-in-chief of the Israelitish army. The situation in the family is reversed when delicate Esthers are wearing veils in luxurious harems,—the extreme of reaction from woman on the battlefield. The patriarchate was the natural recoil from the matriarchate. But action and reaction are followed by equilibrium, and the idea of equilibrium of all rights, duties and privileges (public or domestic) between man and woman is now succeeding the first and second despotisms of the race. One of these two systems of family was no whit higher than the other. Considering the sole interest of woman, as a sex, the matriarchate was certainly most to her advantage. Considering the interest of man alone the patriarchate undoubtedly redounded most to his glory. But considering the human race as a whole, equality of power is beyond question the safest, wisest and altogether fairest adjustment of human relations. This full equality of opportunities and equal freedom from either's control is the goal towards which both sexes are surely marching as the climax of evolution.

There has been a good deal of boasting done by man during the patriarchal age, but the present rapid accumulation of knowledge of those marvellous civilizations created under the matriarchate has already shown him of considerable conceit. We have learned from the recently recovered histories of those mother-worshipping peoples that the world went just about as well under the mother's despotism as under the father's, and that neither was anything to boast of. In short, we have had enough of despotism. Filial duty reached its apex under the matriarchate, but, beautiful as "filial duty" sounds in the ears of parents, the era of the most perfect filial duty was an age of absolute slavery for the child. The mother

might legally put her new-born infant to death, sell her children into bondage or dispose of them in marriage. Against the mother's wishes children had no individual rights which anyone was bound to respect. The compensation of the daughter was that she, too, acquired power over her children when she became a parent, but this compensation was long, long denied to the son.

Woman finally led the world to civilization by herself ceasing to fight—by becoming non-resisting. This was the method for establishing universal peace

of which Christ became so persistent an advocate. Peacefulness begat peacefulness, just as resistance had prolonged resistance. Thus the voluntary subjection of woman to man was a passing world-drama in which "she stooped to conquer." Every arbitration between nations to-day, every settlement by mutual concession of the quarrels of the commercial world, is a sign of the growth of civilized femininity in man. This is "Das Ewig-Weibliche" of Goethe,—the true wisdom of the world which leads us.



AUTHORS AND BOOKS

Poems by John Keats. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Arlo Bates. Athenæum Press Series. Ginn & Co.: Boston and London.

This series is intended to furnish a library of the best English literature from Chaucer to the present time in a form adapted to the needs of both the student and the lay-reader. In the editing of the present volume, Mr. Arlo Bates has shown not a little appreciation and considerable felicity of adaptation. It is true he has discarded several conventionalities that have hitherto been held sacred in the editing of Keats, but it is safe to assert that the poet has lost nothing thereby. The editor believes deeply in treating the work of the masters with reverence; but he believes also that the truest reverence is shown when devotion is guided by common sense. Hence it is that he has allowed himself the liberty of altering the usual arrangement of the poems, and of modifying to some extent the spelling and punctuation.

In his introduction he treats at length of several of the open questions that have gathered about Keats and his work—namely, the influence of Leigh Hunt's friendship, the effect of the poet's association with the "Cockney School," the result upon Keats's sensitive nature of the vehement adverse criticism from *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly Review*, and the familiar comment that Keats was essentially a Greek. An attempt was made also to mark wherein the poet's power lay and wherein also lay his limitations. Concerning the first the answer is made in his "thrilling sensitiveness to sensuous beauty," as summed up in the oft-quoted lines:

"Beauty is truth, truth is beauty,"

that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." Concerning his faults, we find that they are termed the faults of youth and a lavishly gifted genius. Of his lack of the moral sense, no vindication is offered; his poetry must be judged for what it is, and not for what might have been had Keats lived to develop a moral sense, or to acquire an ethical fibre.

Of the selected poems there are forty-one in number, these of course including "Samia," "Endymion," "Sleep and Poetry," "Isabella," "Hyperion," "The Odes," and "The Eve of St. Agnes." These in the main represent the poet's greatest work, and the highest flights of his genius. For the leading notes of his life, we may sum up, as Lord Houghton put it: "The publication of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one profound passion, and a premature death, are the only incidents of his career."

Familiar Trees and Their Leaves. By F. Schuyler Mathews. D. Appleton & Company. New York.

A book treating of technical subjects in an untechnical way. Aside from its value to the botanist, it appeals directly to the lover of nature, opening up for his appreciation a new world of absorbing interest in objects that are often too familiar to receive any depth of consideration. The book stands as a notably successful attempt to give to trees and their foliage an individuality wholly aside from their name and classification, and botanical technicalities. To the unobservant eye, leaves, together with not a few of the other common objects of our lives, are prone to be regarded as though they were the worth-

less, homely and uninteresting things in an otherwise beautiful creation. We use the expression, "Nothing but leaves," regardless of a possible anomaly. We do not pause to consider the part that foliage plays in the realm of nature's handiwork. Were such the case we should allot to the woods about us a hitherto unheeded significance.

The book itself, besides containing a remarkably intelligent text, is supplemented with some two hundred and odd sketches taken by the author from nature. The treatment of the subject is a happy one. It affords an easy and personal method of apprehending the verdure and the sublimeness of the woods. No effort is made to discover or record scientific facts. It is not an analytical study for merely the botanist's eye. The method of treatment is rather one which invites and interests the lay reader. In these crowded days of materialistic tendencies such books as the one under note, that attempt to draw our appreciation towards healthier sources, cannot fail to serve a commendable purpose. It is not to be supposed with all our progress that we are even now above learning a lesson or two from nature.

White Jacket; or, The World in a Man-of-War. By Herman Melville. 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. New York: American Publishers Corporation.

This is the first issue in paper covers of this valuable book. "White Jacket; Or. Life in a Man-of-War," is by many considered to be Herman Melville's best book. In 1843 this delightfully interesting author shipped as ordinary seaman on board a United States frigate, then lying in a harbor of the Pacific Ocean. After remaining in this frigate for more than a year, he was discharged from the service upon the vessel arriving home. His man-of-war experiences and observations are incorporated in the present volume. His pictures of life in the fore-castle, and his description of what takes place in the

various sections of a man-of-war are not only instructive, but are as captivating as they are true. As one would expect, withal the discipline and essential routine of the service, the book teems with startling incidents and accidents, boils over with fun, and presents, in its 374 beautifully printed pages, facts for philosophers, "pointers" for ethologists, and fascinating reading for everybody.

Moby Dick; or, The White Whale. By Herman Melville. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. New York. American Publishers Corporation.

This is a good time to read Herman Melville's delightful books, and "Moby Dick; Or. The White Whale," is one of intense interest. It is now, for the first time, issued in paper covers. It verifies the truth of the old song:

"Oh, the rare old Whale, 'mid storm
and gale,
In his ocean home will be
A giant in might, where might is right,
And King of the boundless sea."

The habits, life history, and sensational death of the great white whale, whose skeleton was found to measure seventy-two feet, are told in an absorbing manner in this excellent volume, whose literary merits are of the highest order. One of the many interesting features of the book is the faithful representation it affords of seafaring men of different nationalities. In one instance we find, working together in the same night watch, sailors from France, Spain, Denmark, England, China, Iceland and—Long Island. Their sea chants and ship parlance are given in English and afford the reader a study in rhetoric.

The book is printed in large type, on excellent paper, and is enjoyable, with equal relish, by both old and young readers. Its interest is increased by its excellent full-page illustrations. At the close of the book are several pages of extracts from the writings of various authors having reference to the whale.

Omoö; A Narrative of Adventures in the South Sea. By Herman Melville. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. New York. American Publishers Corporation.

This book, now for the first time, issued in paper covers, as well as in cloth, supplies a sequel to the author's famous "Typee." It necessarily begins where "Typee" concludes, but has no further connection with the latter work. All that is necessary for the reader to learn, who has not read "Typee," is given in the introduction to "Omoö." While it is justly said of "Typee" that the book is as valuable ethnologically as it is interesting to the lover of the strange and thrilling, the same comment will, with equal veracity, apply to "Omoö." The typography, the illustrations, the paper, and the bindings, are all of the first class, and no lover of the strange and true, of travel and adventure told in classic fiction and adapted for enjoyment by readers of all ages and classes, should fail to read each one of Herman Melville's four books: "Typee," "Omoö," "White Jacket," and "Moby Dick." There are no better sea stories or narratives of adventure than these supply.

A New Issue of Old South Leaflets. Directors of the Old South Work. Old South Meeting House, Boston.

Eight Old South Leaflets have just been published by the directors of the Old South work in Boston, bringing the number of leaflets in this invaluable series up to 73. The new leaflets are those which have been prepared week by week during the summer in connection with the Old South lectures for young people on the American Historians. The first of these leaflets, No. 66, is a reprint of Winthrop's famous "Little Speech" on Liberty, as given in the old Governor's Journal; No. 67 is Cot-

ton Mather's "Bostonian Ebenezer," from the "Magnalia"; No. 68, Governor Hutchinson's account of the Boston Tea Party, from his "History of Massachusetts Bay"; 69, Adrian Van der Donck's Description of New Netherlands in 1655; 70, The Debate in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 on the Rules of Suffrage in Congress; 71, Columbus's Memorial to Ferdinand and Isabella, on his Second Voyage; 72, The Dutch Declaration of Independence in 1581; 73, Captain John Knox's Account of the Battle of Quebec. These leaflets, it is interesting to know, are finding their way by thousands into the schools, immensely stimulating the habit of studying history in its original sources. Furnished at five cents a copy, the mere cost of printing, placing in the hands of the people papers of the highest value and importance otherwise almost inaccessible to most, they are a boon to all students and to the public.

Lincoln's Campaign, or The Political Revolution of 1860. By Osborn H. Oldroyd. Laird & Lee, Publishers. Chicago.

A book belonging to the class of literature that becomes especially timely on the eve of political struggles. It is prompted from the consideration that in many respects the canvass of 1860 was analogous to that of the present year. The obvious inference is that from lessons of the past we may learn how to act in the future. Whether this maxim is to be generally honored and adhered to in the approaching election is as yet an open question. It is to be hoped, however, that the one who is to be placed at the helm of this country will have the welfare of all the people at heart, as did Abraham Lincoln, the nominee of 1860. The book contains fourteen portraits and biographies of the presidential possibilities of 1896.